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Make Defence of his Country YOUR Lad's proud Career

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Today I found my love

"I've got a wonderful idea," said Julie, "I'll be your alarm clock."

JEFF HARLOW, a tall, thin, jumpy young man in a rumpled flannel suit, had chosen to walk through the park not because this was a fine spring day but because he was in a hurry and the park was a short cut. He was carrying a small electric alarm clock.

Had be awakened in a better mood he might have felt the spell of the weather. As it was, he noted merely that weather. As it was, he noted hereby that according to schedule the grass had turned green, trees were simpering in new leaves, and boy birds could be heard distinctly making biological noises at girl birds. In short, the one and only perfect mousetrap was all set.

But Jeff Harlow was no mouse, A man But Jeff Harlow was no mouse. A man with his mind on his work, he strode out of the park with no thought more fanciful than that the clock he was carrying was a dud. When presently he came to the shop of M. Wettmer—"Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery"—he plunked the clock down on the counter with a total discounter of problem. disregard for the presence of another

The dashed thing hums," he said.

The shopkeeper perred at him mildly and went on serving the other customer. She was a dim girl, who looked up at Jeff brightly and inquired, "What do you want it to do—croon?"

"Keep quiet," he said. He reddened and added hastily, "The clock, I mean." He fixed haunted eyes upon Mr. Weitzner. "It buzzed so hard last night I had to turn it off. So I overslept and missed appointment."

an appointment."
"This is four times you bring back a clock, Mr. Harlow," Mr. Weitzner

naturally the alarm cannot ring."
"But it sounds like a flock of bees." leff lit a cigarette shakily. think or sleep in the same room with

"It have no clock quieter than that one." Mr. Weitzner said.
"Why don't you sell him a sun-dial?" the girl said.
"And why don't you—" Jeff began hotly, and then paused. He saw the girl for the first time clearly and the words died in his mouth. He saw that she had hair the color of buttercups and eyes as young and merrily blue as springtime violets. In her shapely little suit she reminded him of a jonquil in a yase.

Alarmed by the horticultural turn his thoughts had taken, he yanked them back to the business at hand. "I'm sorry," he

Look at the clock she has just hought."

All three gazed silently at the large chromium alarm clock on the counter. It was ticking to wake the dead.

"It would drive me nuts," Jeff said. She regarded it fondly. "It will be cheerful company in my lonely bouts," she said. "What I really want is a cuckoo clock; but of course that's out because Philip doesn't like them. I suppose you don't either, do you, Jeff?"

"No," he said, and asked without thinking, "Who is Philip?"

"Philip Hunter, my fisnce," Julie said. "He's very strong and has nerves of steel but he's allergic to birds. That's why I can't have a cuckoo clock."

Jeff stiffened, He could be wrong, but it seemed to him that the girl implied that he was neither entirely normal nor possessed of nerves of steel. He spoke tirmly to Mr. Weitzner.

type, I played football at school, and I flew aeroplanes for the Navy, I—"
"Even if you flew saucers," she said blithely, "you couldn't fly a kite the way your nerves are now."

"My nerves are fine," he yelped, have a lot on my mind, that's all." "Like Henny Penny," Miss Mason said, "A lot of people are, From worry-ing about the atom or something,"

He looked at her narrowly. This girl not only talked too much, she was also slightly mus. He turned to the shop-

keeper,
"I have to go now," he said. "I'll drep in this evening."
"Mer Mason

"She was a chicken," Miss Mason said, "and one morning a pea fell on her head and she thought the sky was falling down..."

"Never mind," Jeff said, edging away from the counter, "I have to go out for breakfast now."

"Good," Julie said. "I've had mine but I usually meet Philip across the street for a second cup of coffee. I'll go with you and you can brief me on your sleeping schedule."

"No, thanks I—"
"You needn't be the least bit afraid
of Philip," she said.

"I'm not the least afraid of Philip," Jeff velled.

"Sometimes I myself join Miss Mason for onfice," Mr. Wtiezner said sooth-ingly. "She has many friends. Mean-while, I will see what can be done abour a clock for you."

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By ELIZABETH TROY

said. "But I worked half the night pre-paring material for an interview I have now missed." he turned to the shop-keeper.—'because of this beehive you sold me."

"I think it is maybe you work too hard and worry too much, Mr. Har-low," Mr. Weitzner said kindly. "Now you take Miss Mason here—but I for-get, you do not know each other, Miss Julie Mason, meet Mr. Jeffrey Harlow."

"Hi, Jeff," Miss Mason chirped.

"Uh-how do you do," Jeff said.
"As I say," continued Mr. Weitz-er, "Miss Julie has no nerves at all.

"I want something that will wake me

up in the mornings," he said, "and won't spend the rest of the time humming." "I know!" Miss Mason spoke with such a bright air of discovery that both men stared at her. "I will wake

you up!"

Jeff clutched the counter,

"You—you will what?" he quavered.

"You—you will what?" he quavered. "Phone you every morning any hour you say. Until," she added sympatheti-cally, "you get well enough not to be bothered by small noises."

"Look," Jeff said desperately, "I'm not sick. I'm thin, but I'm the wire



Dedicated to Australian girls, this booklet by Kotex tells in simple,

friendly language the complete story of the adventure of growing up. From it you will learn how to manage your social life . . . how to feel secure and comfortable every day of the month ... what to do about dancing swimming. bathing, sports. In it you will find all the little things that make such a big difference in your everyday life, and it is truly a book that every girl needs. Just clip the attached coupon, fill in name and address, and send with a 35d. stamp to cover postage. Your copy will be sent in a

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"GROWING UP IN INGOLA"



Today I Found My Love

she would pick up her clock later and then said, "Coming,

He wasn't, of course. His mouth opened and shut, fish-

She stood framed in the open doorway. She had been holding a beret in her hand. Now she had it on her head and nothing, not violets or forget-me-nots or summer skies, was ever as blue as her

His next conscious moment came in a cafe when someone in a white coat, which he felt was appropriate, put a cup of coffee in front of him. Breakfast, or for that matter

any other meal, with a girl was contrary to his rigid policy of not getting involved with women, who, anyone knew, belonged to a highly predatory beionged to a nightly predatory species. But Julie was en-gaged. Having bagged one victim she was not likely to be gunning for another.

He relaxed. The food comforted him and the coffee cleared his head. He laid aside his worries and listened dreamily to the pleasant sound

They exchanged a little per-sonal data. He told her about the magazine he was trying to get started. It was called "Perspective" and it was to sort of handbook businessmen. giving facts, figures, charts, economic trends and so on. Julie said that was quite a coincidence, because she was studying eco-nomics herself.

nomics herself
"Home," she said. "Cooking and stuff."
"For Philip, I suppose?"
She nodded. "We've known each other ages, she said.
"Just the same," Jeff said, "you're taking an awful chance. With the world the way it is now—"
"Well, as long as there is a world we oughtn't to be afraid to live in it."
"Listen," Jeff said, "just be-

"Listen," Jeff said, "just be-cause I acted a little nervous and upset this morning you seem to have an idea I'm some sort of neurotic. I'm not. I was just mad about missing an appointment with a big man in the investment business."

"That's too bad," Julie said. "But you can make another for to-morrow. have me to wake you up."

Things people fear

A LMOST everybody nurses an unreason-able fear of some sort-of looking from a height, of seeing a mouse, of cating onions, of being in a crowd.

What are you afraid of?

of?
Most psychiatrists hold that you're never afraid of what you think you fear. Your real fear is something that you cannot bring yourself to realtime.

Long-standing and ser-tions fears call for skilled probling by a trained psychiatrist. But if your phobia is mild and you've grown used to it, why worry about it?

worry about it?
Things people fear are discussed in A.M. for August, which publishes pictures in full color symbolising some of the common phobias. It is on sale everywhere now.

Continued from page 3

He stared at her. Then he laughed "No one who doesn't show up for an appointment with H. B. Shrews-

pointment with H. B. Shrews-bury gets another chance."
"Pooh, you're just afraid of him," Julie said. "Now, you take Philip. He sells trucks for a big manufactuter— whole fleets of them at a time sometimes—and he isn't the least bit afraid to walk right in on."

"Sure," Jeff said. "A big, handsome back-slapper, I sup-pose. Charms birds off the trees."

"Not birds," Julie said gravely, "He got bitten by a snake one time when he was little and birds are some kind of relation to makes. Did you know that?"

"No," Jeff said. "But I can certainly walk right up to a

She grinned at him. "You sound sort of jealous," she

He almost fell off the stool. 'Are you crazy?

"Like a fox, if at all," said "Like a tox, if at all," said another voice, a large, cheerful voice that filled the whole cafe. Turning, Jeff saw a big, curly-headed young man with football shoulders and a grin loaded with the whitest of teeth. He laid a hand possessively upon Julie's shoulder.

"Hallo, darling. Sorry I'm late. Got held up in a big deal."

"This is Jeff Harlow, Philip. Jeff—Philip Hunter," Julie

shook hands. one of Julie's quaint charac-ters?" Philip said. He leaned against the counter on his elbows, surveying them both with amusement. "Never come in here without finding Julie having a snack with a blind newsdealer or a one legged taxi-driver or a quaint old clockmaker. Collects 'em the way some people collect match folders, Julie does."

"Jeff," Julic said rather sharply, "is starting a maga-

Philip let his jaw drop in ock astonishment "A magamock astonishment "A maga-zine! Why, that's just great. It takes one of our biggest trucks to deliver one newsdealer just comic books alone. Is yours a comic book?

Jeff counted ten. He backed off the stool. "I'll take the bill now," he said to the wait-

"Now, now, you leave that bill to me," Philip said with sickening affability. "I just put over a big deal. Govern-ment stuff this time." "Give me the bill, please,"

Jeff said.

Philip had intercepted it when the waitress handed it over. Now he shoved it into his pocket, grinning. "Look," his pocket, grinning. "Look," he said, "a chap starting a magazine ought to watch the

"You give me that or I'll—"
"Jeff!"
Jeff unclenched his fist,

threw a note on the counter and went out.

Fury carried him rapidly Fury carried him rapidly back across the park and on to his rooms. There he showered and put on a freshly pressed suit. Pale with rage, he loaded himself and a bulging briefcase into a taxi.

Please turn to page 10





CELLULOSE



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The For Country

BY NEVIL SHUTE

Fourth instalment of our

enthralling eight-part serial

ENNIFER opened the door of the unlity and slid across the scat towards. Jack Dorman; the man tumbled in be-be and slammed the door. He was pantand streaming sweat.

get to get Splinter quick," he said

Deman swang the car round and headed

You know the office building, other side he bridge They'll telephone the amex from there. or Splinter's working.

Where it says the name of the company,

That right They'll telephone from there, um I'll have to find Splinter.

The did not speak again; Jack Dorman and his attention to the road as they in figure round the curves down into the er. Once as they swung violently round fung heavily against Jennifer; he

That's all right," she said. "Who is this an put've get to find?"

Whi? Splinter? He's the doctor here."

his Dorman, eyes glued to the road, said, that the chap that goes fishing at the

the man said. in an inclusion of man said. The spart with the D.Ps. working in the timber with it ret of us. He's a doctor in his own many, like He's not allowed to be a doctor

The came to the office building at the stan of the stream, a small weatherboard has of three rooms; the man flung himself m the cur.

Ill wait here a bit," Jack Dorman called ir him, " Case you want to go back."

They get in the car for a few minutes, using "Where is the nearest proper docthe girl naked.

banbury," he said. "There's a hospital or with an ambulance, and there's a docer with an amb

How far is that from here?"

"About seventeen miles."

he was a little shocked; accustomed as the fore could be no doctor close at hand. How long will it take him to get here?"

He heutated. "That depends If he's in labory and he's free, he might be out here in hour. But I believe this is his Woods

The goes to Woods Point once a week,"

man mid "They haven't a doctor there,
mak this o the day he goes there—Tuesthe pretty sure it is."

Bos far is that from Banbury?"

About forry miles."

Sir said, "You mean, it could be hours one he could get here?"

Too right "

But what happens in a case like this?" or not to do the best you can," he said.

her set together in the car, waiting. Then they had brought down from the came to the door of the office with manager, a man called Forrest. Jack man knew him slightly as an acquain-

The firm," he said. "Got a bit of trouble." Im Forrest glanced at him in recognition, then at the new utility. He crossed the das Durman. "Look, Jack," he said. "Are

Joe harricularly."
Joe here, he says there's two men got
the where you picked him up on the
They'll have to be fetched down and
They'll have to be fetched down and to hospital, unless we can get the shance to come out for them. Could you so by a few minutes while we get through habbury? If we've got to send them

in, they'll travel easier in this utility than in one of my trucks."

"Do anything I can. Pil run them into Banbury if you want it."

"Thanks a lot. I've got the call in now. Say, while you're waiting, could you run Joe up to Camp Four and fetch a man called

"I know him. That's the chap that fishes."

"That's right. He's a D.P. doctor, been working here for quite a while. I got him on the telephone and he's gone down to his camp by truck to pick up his staff. I'd appreciate it if you'd slip down there 'n pick him up. Joe can show you. By the time you've got back here I'll have spoken to Banbury."

The utility went sliding off with Joe in it again; a mile down the road it turned into the camp and ran between the rows of hutments under the gum trees and stopped outside the fourth on the right. Joe got out and called to a man at the door.

"Hey," he said. "Seen Splinter anywhere about?

The man said, "He's inside."

Joe vanished into the hut and Jack Dorman got out of the utility with Jennifer; together they unfastened the black twill cover of the truck-like body. Joe came out carrying in his arms a very large first-aid box. "Put it in the back," said Dorman.

A tall, dark man came to the door of the hut and glanced at the utility and then at Dorman; recognition came to him.

"So," he said, "we have already met, upon the Howqua. It is your car, this?

That's right."

Carl Zlinter paused in thought. "I have much to take," he said. "It will be all right to drive this car into the woods, up to the accident?

"I should think so. The ground's pretty

hard."
"I will take everything, then, in the car."
He went back to the hut, then reappeared with Joe, carying five cartons roughly packed with packages of cottonwool, dressings, splints, bandages, bottles of antiseptic, to-

gether with a worn leather case.

"Now we are ready to go," he said.

Joe got up into the back with the stores and Zlinter got into the front of the utility with Jennifer and Dorman.

"It is better to bring everything," he said.
"Much will be not needed, but for the one
thing left behind—it is better to take every-

Ithing.

Dorman said, "Go back first to the office?"

"I think so. Perhaps the ambulance and doctor are already on the way. In any case, we must pass by that place."

They slid off up the road again to the weatherboard office. The manager came out

"Can't get through yet," he said. "You go on up and I'll be along soon as the call comes through."

Jack Dorman said, "The doctor's day in Woods Point, isn't it?"

don't know."

"Tuesday. I've an idea it is."
Jim Forrest made a grimace. "It would be. Will you take Zlinter up there, Jack? I'll be up there myself soon at this call comes through." He turned to the Czech. "Do what you can, Carl, till the doctor gets here."

here."
"Okay, Mr. Forrest," said Carl Zlinter.
The utility moved off and up the hill.
Carl Zlinter sat in silence, mentally conming over the stores that he had brought
with him, the information of the accident
that he had got from Joe. A man called
Bertie Hanson with a crushed leg trapped
beneath the upturned bulldozer, a man called
Harry Peters, the bulldozer driver, unconscious with a head injury.

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"Lie very quiet now and go to sleep. Everything will be all right," Zlinter said to the injured man.





NoR years—for two years, anyway, since she had started school—Patsy Savery had been wondering. Suspicion had mounted to fear; hope and despair had battled within her; but now she was convinced. The family Bible gave the proof. The pages between the Old and New Testaments—Marriages Births, Deaths—had been inscribed in a variety of permanship, a diversity of inks.

sity of inks.

A curling handwriting which she assumed was her grandmother's had entered her father's birth: "Richard Savery, August 9th, 1915." Her mother's familiar, dashing writing inscribed their marriage: "Richard Savery to Penelope Carter, May 21, 1993." But there was no birth re-1939." But there was no birth re-corded after her father's. Nowhere between the gold-trimmed red leather covers was there any men-tion of Patricia Savery, born on November 4, 1944.

She had long known it in her bones and now she knew it in her brain: She was adopted.

brain: She was adopted.

She put the Bible carefully back on the library shelf and huddled miserably in her father's big leather armchair. She could hear their voices, the warm rumble of her father's voice, the lilting music of her mother's. Penny and Dick. She had always called them that. Other children did not call their parents by their first mames. by their first names.

The other children in her class all had brothers and sisters, too. Only Patsy was a single child, and now she knew why. One had been now she knew why. One had been enough for Penny and Dick. One had been more than enough.

Who does she look like?" visiting relatives or friends so often asked, studying Patsy's round, freekled face, her square, sturdy body.

"She looks like herself, of course," Penny had answered once, rather sharply. "Who else should she look

"Like myself," thought Patsy now, wretchedly. Penny's hair was like golden honey and Dick's was the color of a horse chestnut in the sun. Her hair was mousy-blond and straight. Penny's eyes were blue as a gentian and Dick's were grey like powter. Patsy's eyes were blue, but

of their own uncertain shade. Now that she was eight-and-a-half and understood the things Beth Monroe and the other girls told her about babies, she understood grown ladies' conversations, too. The Garden Club ladies and the Com-munity Club ladies, and even Penny's real friends, the pretty, glirtering young ones who came

cocktails or dinner, were always talking about the kind of "time" they had had.

they had had.

Once one of them had asked,
"What sort of time did you have,
Penny?" And Penny wrinkled up
her nose and answered, "Didn't you
know? I found Patsy under a rosebush." She had looked almost

Other mothers had photograph albums and Baby Books, with weights and formulas and records of teeth; entries when Baby first said, "Da." Penny had none. Instead, there were the things which she and Dick brought back from their trips.
Patsy slid deeper into the leather chair. She wished that she could

chair. She wished that he could slide straight through it and disappear, the way Alice went through the Looking Glass, down through the soft stuffing of the seat into another world.

other world.

"But what would we do with Patsy?" her mother's voice, close by in the room, was asking.

She must have been asleep, thought Patsy, and before she was quite awake enough to sit up or speak Dick was talking.

"Our little hostage in the hands of fate?" he was saying, "Why can't we take her along this time?" "Oh, no," Penny answered onickle

Dick said, "Other people take children places. This is getting to be a obsession with you, Penny." Patsy did not know what an ob-session was, but it sounded unpleas-

She sat very still in the red

By

chair.
"Other people are different."
Penny said. "She
might catch some-

Dick laughed. Why should catch more things

in Guatemala than right here?" he asked. "I saw Henderson at the post office this morning, and Tim is practically at death's door with

measlex."
"Oh, dear," said Penny.
"We can't leave her with your mother this time," Dick went on.
"Of course, we could get Gousin

"Patsy loathes Grace," Penny interrupted. "I'm afraid, Dickie, that we'll just have to stay put this summer. Maybe next autumn, when she's back in school, if everything's

"My feet itch," said Dick. "Re-member how the Pacific looks from a plane? Coral reefs and uncharted islands and mysterious sailing ships

Stop it!" cried Penny

They left the room without ever knowing that Patsy was there. She waited until she was sure they would not see her, and then she dashed from the house and across the terrace to her own secret place in the grape

artior.
"What would we do with Patsy?"
Penny had asked. "Our little hostage in the hands of fate?" Dick had

said.

What would they do without Patsy? she asked herself, lying flat on the warm earth, with the grape leaves stirring above her head and the blue sky showing through. Without Patsy their life would be a perpetual trip. Dick did not go to an office like the other fathers. Two years of school and the outside world had taught Patsy how different her parents were from the others. Like when Dick had to fill out that paper and under "Employment" he wrote: "Gathering material for my auto-"Gathering material for my auto-biography." Dick could do a lot of things; sometimes he wrote a small book, or a piece for a magazine, or painted a wonderful water-color. Mostly, though, he just went places with Penny.

Patsy knew that they loved her. They loved her with all the spare love left over from loving each other Penny's voice had been on she said, "She might so much. so much. Penny's voice had been serious when she said, "She might catch something." They wouldn't want her to be sick. But if she were, if she died, they'd be alone, just the two of them. And whatever an ob-

session was would go away. Leaf shadows moved over Patsy's tense, round face, and she stared at

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

the sky through the green lacework. Tim Henderson had measles. He was practically at death's door. Dick had said so. Patsy thought about death's door, and in her thoughts it was painted dark red, and Death, with his skull's head and a long, white robe waited silents on the

with nix skull's head and a long, white robe, waited silently on the other side to open it.

Patsy did not like Tim Henderson. He was nine years old, and he was fat, and be pulled her hair. Once

he had put a grass snake in her desk at school. She honestly did not care whether Tim went through that dark red door or not. Red door, thought

Patsy, fascinated. It, too, must be like going through the looking-glass.

There had to be something on the other side. The angels, and the golden streets, the harps, and after

PHYLLIS

you'd gone a long way there'd be Penny was calling, "Patsy! Patsy

Savery, where are you?"
"Darling, we're going to the Law-rences' for cocktails. Nanny'll give you your supper on the terrace if you like. We'll be back before you're in bed."

Penny's kiss was light and frag-int. Patsy watched her bare brown legs, above the small, emerald-green shoes, flash below the bright whiteness of her skirt as she went down the flagstoned path. When she got into the cream-colored roadster she sat close enough to Dick to leave room for another person. Only they didn't want another person, thought Patsy to herself. They didn't need another person.

At supper she asked, "Nanny, are

measles very catching?"
"They certainly are," said Nanny.
"Just about the catchingest disease there is." She looked hard at Patsy.

"You haven't been near the Hender-sons, have you?"
"No," answered Patsy. She added, deep inside herself, "Not

She managed the whole thing very ell. She watched from the Hendersons' garden until she was quite sure She saw Mrs. Henderson's arm and She saw MIS. Henderson's arm and hand pulling down the window shades in Tim's room. She heard Mrs. Henderson's voice say, "If you want anything, ring the bell, Tim. But try to sleep." She waited until But try to sleep." She wanted Mrs. Henderson came downstairs Mrs. Henderson came downstairs and sank into a chair in the living-room. Then she climbed noiselessly

over the sill into Tim's room.

She said,
"Hallo, Tim."

His eyes were still round and brown, but his DUGANNE face was almost unrecognisable. He looked like one

of those cloth animals made of pink polka-dotted material.

"What are you doing here?" he whispered.

whispered.
"I came to see you," she whispered back. "How do you feel?"
"Okay," said Tim. "I'm very sick, though."

sex, though.

Jenny considered him. Would she have to look like that, too, before the red door closed behind her? It seemed a pity to have to look like

seemed a pity to have to look like that in one's final scene.

"I brought you a book," she said.
"Want me to read to you?"
"Listen, dimwit," he protested.
"Have you had the measles?"

"Of course," said Patsy. "A long time ago." She tiptoed across the room and sat on his bed. "Are they

bumpy?" she asked, and ran he hand over his face. "Do you have fever?" She felt his forehead an the back of his neck.

Tim said, "I don't get it. Do your mother know you're here."

"Yes," said Patsy. Her mothe her real mother, must be deal a course, and in heaven, and she

"Do they hurt?" she inquired stroking his fat cheek.
"No. But I'm a sight." He rolled

up his pyjama sleeve, throst a li-leg from beneath the sheet. "22 over me. Back 'n' stummick to."

"My!" said Patsy, feeling

"My!" said Patsy, feeling.
"Dud's gonna get me a new bir.
Patsy said, "That's nice" Im
didn't know that he was going to die
She squared her square little shoo
ders, "Honest, I'm sorry you
sick," she said. She toola a der
breath and leaned over and kind
him.

breath and reason.

Tim roared. "Hey, what are we doing?" he shouted. He at up a bed, fists clenched, eyes blams. "Tim, darling!" Footsteps sound on the stairs.

Patsy was halfway out of the window when Mrs. Henderson opens the door.

"Tim, what in the world—?" de began, and saw Patsy, "Patsy Sawn What are you doing here?" Patsy turned back, "I just came to see Tim," she answered morth

Everything happened after that Patsy sat on a chair in the Hende-son living-room while Tun's mater

son living-room while Time maker telephoned Penny. Penny and Did came over and took her home wil-out even scolding her. Dr Maria arrived at the house and stuck a needle in Patsy's arm. Penny looke pale, even with her tan. "Darling Patsy, why did you in it?" she asked.

she asked.

Patsy said unhappily, "I was sorry about Tim. I just well I guess I just acted impulsively."

"Maybe the serum will well bick," Penny said quickly. "We mustal," were acted to the sorry of the serve well well well well bick," Penny said quickly. "We mustal," were acted to the serve well as the serve

mustn't worry

"How long before we'll know?" it

asked.
"Dr. Martin said the incobalist period is from nine to fourber days," Penny answered.
"Two weeks!" said Dick.
"I'm sorry," said Patsy Strhadn't realised that it would upon them like this.

Description "Wa'ce being you

them like this.

Penny smiled, "We're being yet silly," she said in a false, jumy voice, not like her own. "It's obt measles, and maybe she won't gri at all. Dr. Martin says there's noting to do. Just wait."



The Dark Red Door

NEXT day the spots began.
Patsy felt too hot and tired and achy to be interested in them. She was delirious again that night, and in the morning was confused, because she could not quite separate the truth from the nightmares.

Dr. Martin said, "To-mor-row she'll be better."

"Sometimes, aren't there-complications?" Penny whis-

Patsy watched the spots fade. They blurred and melted away, and her arms and legs and stomach became their usual color. It was not the spots, then, that killed you. It must be the complications.

"I think our patient can get to-morrow," Dr. Martin

"Oh, no," said Patsy.

He smiled at her. "No?
Why not?"

"I'm too sick," she insisted, "I'm not going to get up."

'No?" he repeated. She did not get up. Nanny tried to make her dress; Penny

and Dick tried to make her "I'm too sick," Patsy re-

She had to be too sick. She couldn't get well now. She wouldn't.

"Tim is up," Penny told

"Up!" cried Putsy indig-nantly. "You mean he didn't

Penny's blue eyes looked strange, "Of course not, dar-ling. Aren't you silly! You don't die of measles."

Patsy burst into tears. She ratsy burst into tears. She pulled the covers over her head and held them tight. Through her sobs she heard Peamy calling, "Dick! Dick, come here!"

Dick came into the room, give it to ber!

Continued from page 7

and after a while Dr. Martin came again. He took Patsy's temperature; he looked in her throat; he thumped her stom-ach and pressed his cool, clean-smelling fingers into her sides as though he were knead-ing bread dough.

"Patsy, you're a fraud," he said. "There's nothing the matter with you."
"I'm sick," Patsy said stubbornly. "Maybe you don't believe me, but I am."

Dr. Martin looked at her thoughtfully. He got out his stethoscope and listened through it; he wound cloth about her arm and took her blood pressure.

"Hm," he said. "Very inter-

Penny and Dick went down-stairs with him. It was half an hour before Patsy heard his car leave.

Late that afternoon Dick came into her room. He said, "Look out your window, Patsy," and Patsy looked. Dook out your window, Patsy, and Patsy looked. Standing on the green grass just below her window was a chestnut-brown pony. Patsy said, "Oh!" and then closed her lips firmly.

"He's yours," Dick said.
"To-morrow morning I'll teach you to ride him."

Teats streamed down her checks. They were so good to her and she was, as Dr. Martin said, a fraud. She had to die now; she had to reach that red door and go through.

Tim Henderson came to see her the next day. She pulled the sheet over her face and refused to speak to him.

"I think she needs a good, sound spanking," Namy said in her crossest voice. "One more day like this and I'll

"You just dare!" said Penny, and her voice was crosser than Patsy had ever heard it.

"I think Nanny may have something," Dick said. "When she gets through, I think I'll spank her, too."

"If either of you puts a finger on her—" Penny said in a choking voice. "Go away, both of you!"

"Penny!" said Dick. "Go away!" said Penny

Patsy did not dare to open her eyes. Never in her eight and a half years had she known Penny to be cross with Dick. She heard the door close. She heard Penny's breathing, quick and uneven. Then Penny sobbed.

"Penny!" said Patsy. "Oh, Penny, don't!"

Penny's arms went around her and Penny's tears fell on her face. "Baby, why did you do it?" Penny asked.

Patsy was kissing Penny's wet face. "I thought I'd die," she said. "I thought I'd die and you and Dick could be

Penny's fingers were hurt-ing her shoulders. Penny shook her hard. "What are you talking about, Patricia Savery?" she demanded. "If you died, I'd die, too!"

Patsy stared at her. Penny's gentian-blue eyes looked enor-mous and Penny's soft mouth was quivering.

"You mean it doesn't make any difference my being adopted?" Patsy asked.

"Your being what?" "I found out," she ex-plained. "In the Bible."

Penny began to laugh and ery at the same time. Her mouth was laughing and her eyes were crying, and she did not stop. Patsy was fright-

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- 10. Between a pound and a penny a landed proprietor in Edin-burgh is all air (5). Silly writing implement turns in it (3).
 In a town in N.S.W.
 Ind a sailor with case (5).

- 1. Hest-producing air full Exclude the university graduate in the university communication.

 5. Later changed (5).

 5. Local tree (Anagr. 9).

 6. Local tree (Anagr. 9).

 7. Explore a sound (5).

 - 24. Explain a sound (5) 35 Ornamental edging of a loud rivulet (5)
 - 27 Are in disordered envy is agitated (5)

Solution will be published next week.



- Turn desimplose and consumed (4). Concerning in heart (5). Strauge place for transacting business and the second of the second o

came running into the room and Dick slapped Penny's face. Patsy leaped out of bed and attacked him furi-ously, pounding him with her

fists.

"Baby!" cried Penny. "Baby, stop it!" She was still gasping, but her tears had ceased. "Patsy, Dick didn't hurt me. He was just stopping ne from crying." She laughed. "I don't believe I ever had hysterica before, but it's so funny! I'm sorry, Dickie. I'm all right now." She drank the glass of water which Nanny, held out to her. "Now then, Patricia Savery, what is this nonsense about being adopted?"

nonsense adopted?" Dick whistled. Nanny said, Oh, for heaven's sake." They "Oh, for heaven's sake." The

Penny, looking at her affectionately. "Patsy, I nearly died when you were born. Nanny can tell you — and Dick. I had a perfectly awful time, and the doctor said that couldn't have any more Her voice stopped abruptly.

Patsy said, "Honest? Cross your heart you really had me

"I'll say she did," said Dick. "I'll say she did," said Dick. Penny took Patry's hand.
"The tried so hard—so extra hard—all your life not to let you know how I worry over you. Whenever you're out of my sight. Inside, I was so scared I was superstitions. I didn't put you in the Bible; I didn't keep a Baby Book. But I didn't want you to get complexes or—" She paused. She was not smiling now, her eyes were very serious.

eyes were very serious.

"Or obsessions" Parq ar gested

"Hey?" asked Dick "Little pitchers," Nanny.

Penny laughed again, he this time she did not cry as It was a happy laugh. Si looked up at Dick and Nam "If you two will leave alone I think I'll have worman-lo-woman talk we my daughter," she said. "On of those intimate little das But we'll be down later. I have something to write in Bible."

Dick and Nanny were sni ing as they went out.

Patsy felt as though is heart were exploding into

her. "Oh—mother!" said In-"Oh, mother!"

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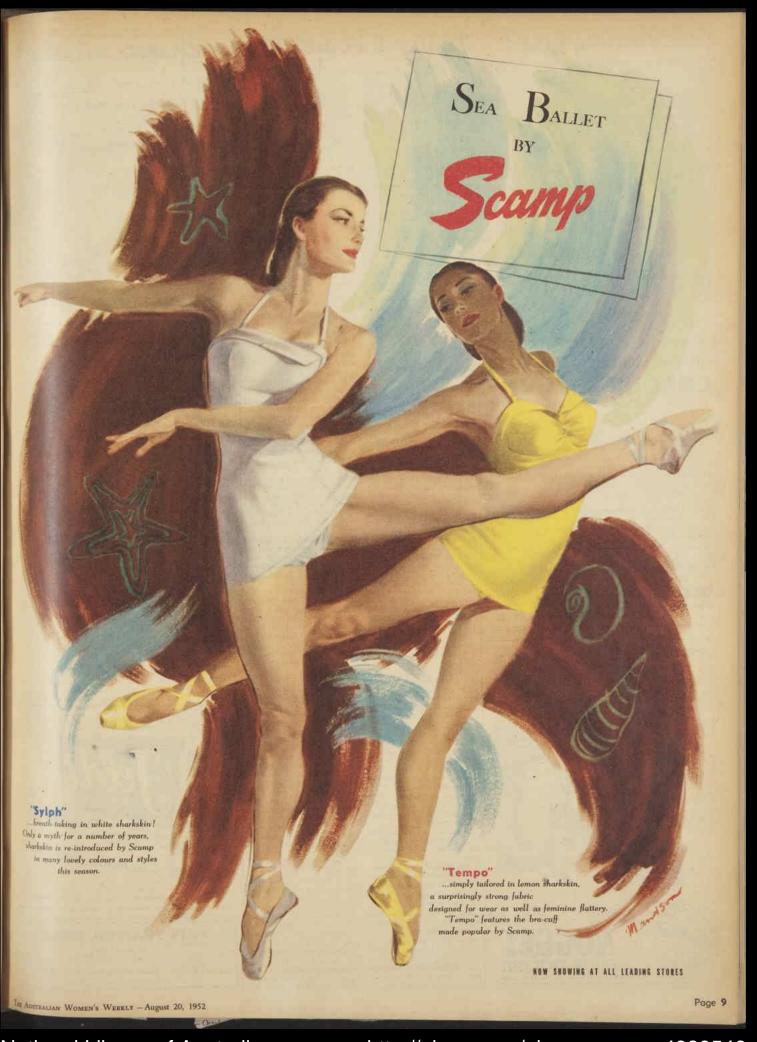


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Page 8

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 1851



Hair showing grey?



Restore your natural shade with the wonderful NAPRO COLOUR TOUCH

Retouch Cream for greying hair

No longer need tell-tale wisps of grey mean an end to youthful hair beauty. Napro's sensational preparation. Colour Touch, quickly restory your own natural shade... heings the even-tound loveliness that belongs to youth, Colour Touch does not stain the scalp; it is not permanent Conditation does not sain the scape it is not permanent (washes out casily) — but it lasts from shampoo to shampoo. Let Colour Touch help you regain the youthful beauty of your hair . . . quickly . . . conveniently . . . economically.

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COLOUR TOUCH

Retouch Cream for Greying Hair

AT ALL STORES, CHEMISTS AND BEAUTY SALONS



Today I Found My Love

A SECRETARY guarding the sanctum of H. B. Shrewsbury said Mr. Shrews-bury was in conference. She said that Mr. Harlow was four hours late, that Mr. Shrews-bury was very angry at being

"But now," Jeff said sweetly,
"I am here," and stepping
high, as if over dead bodies, ingn, as it over dead bodies, he cut through the barrier and went down a thick-carpeted corridor to a door marked "President."

"President."

The president was not in conference. He was not doing anything at all but sinoking, in a rapid, jerky sort of way, a large, fragrant cigar. Jeff's sudden entrance startled him so that he dropped it, which naturally got things off to a bad start. bad start.

bad start.

"Get out of here," he said at once. He focused bifocals, recognised the intruder and turned purple. "Why, you—you—I waited half the morning—"

"I overslept," Jeff said calmly. He flopped the brief-case upon the great mahogany desert that was H. B. Shrewsbury's desk. The only other things on it were a huge silver inkstand and a crystal bowl of inkstand and a crystal bowl of daffodils. Jeff looked directly into H. B. Shrewsbury's big-

"What I want to know," he said, "is what are you afraid

H.B.'s several chins sagged. "What was that?"

Jeff repeated the query. He sat against the big desk. "Do you worry about the world? Do you worry about the world? Do you wake up nights in a sweat, wondering whether going on with business, even with living, is worth while? I know you do. I can tell by the way you snoke that cigar—fast and hard, as if you were afraid you'd never get a chance to finish it."
"Nothing of the sort." H B.

"Nothing of the sort," H.B. snapped. "I'm not supposed to snoke cigars, and my sccretary—" He coughed a little guiltily. "I have to wait till she goes out to lunch."

"I see. But why the ulcer?" Jeff asked.

Young man, in times like

"What's different about them?" Jeff said. "We've had wars and rumors of wars be-"What's fore. We've had inflation and panics and depressions. But we're still here. Do you know

H.B. took the cigar out of his mouth. "What is this you're selling? Some kind of new

Jeff shook his head. "Per-spective," he said. "Not just because it's the name of my magazine but because if it hadn't been for men who had it in every crisis, we couldn't

Out of this oratory H.B. chose one word. He narrowed his eyes and said, "Magazine,

Jeff opened the briefcase. He took out "Perspective" and it looked to him suddenly very thin and weak. He felt thin and weak himself.

But at that instant a little breeze coming in the office window stirred the surface of the daffodils and somehow, inexplicably, his hand steadied. Confidently, with the pride of a new father, he laid his maga-

"It could be a big thing," he

Continued from page 4

said. "A survey of business not

"And what," asked H.B. at st, "do you want from me?"

The word shook on Jeff's lips. He couldn't say it. He looked at the bowl of flowers

"Capital," he said. He waited then for the sky to start falling down. It didn't.

H.B. said "I'll think it over.

Have you got figures?"

Jeff pulled papers from the briefcase. "It's all here."

"Leave it," H.B. said. "I'll look it over. Come in to-morrow at nine-thirty. And I mean nine-thirty. Let you know, can't promise you any-

know, can't promise you any-thing."
"Nine-thirty, yes, sir," Jeff said. He smiled. "I won't oversleep this time. I've got a new clock—I mean I.—"
"To-morrow," H.B. said.
Jeff got to his cubbyhole of an office on wines. He tried

an office on wings. He tried to work and couldn't. He de-cided he was losing his mind. He hadn't a penny more now than he'd had yesterday, and yet somehow he felt as if he'd just come into a million.

He heard himself saying, "Julie, this is Jeff," and was amazed to discover he had the amazed to discover he had the telephone in his hand. He heard her voice and it was bluebells ringing. "How about dinner with me to-night? Got to talk to you about some-

thing."

She hesitated. "I'd love to, but Philip—well, he's not having dinner with me because he's got a plane to catch—but he may be in for cockfails."

tails."

"He'll be gone by seven,"

Ieff said. "I'll pick you up."

He closed the office. On the way home he stopped at a florist's. From there he went to Mr. Weitzner's.

"How are you, Max, old man? I want a present for Julie. She did me a favor to-

day."
What would you like, Mr.

"A cuckoo clock," Jeff said.
"The finest cuckoo clock you

have."
Mr. Weitzner looked grave.
"I believe Mr. Philip Hunter
objects to her having a cuckoo

Jeff looked at him. wants one," he said quietly.
The shopkeeper nodded.
"She has wanted one for a long time. But
"H," Jeff said, "I can't buy

it from you I can get one somewhere else."

Mr. Weitzner thought for a moment, then he shrugged.

"You want this clock now?"

Now. I'll take it with me,'

Mr. Weitzner studied him keenly. "You are feeling bet-ter, Mr. Harlow. Stronger

Less nervous, perhaps?"
"No nerves at all," Jeff said.
"And much stronger."
"Spring," Mr. Weitzner said, "is a fine season."
Carrying the clumsy bundle

Jeff arrived at Julie's door promptly at seven.

Please turn to page 36



GIVE Grafton FOR FATHER'S DAY



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THIS TRAITOR, DEATH

Desmond Cory

Johnny Fedura v. The Underworld of post-war Par From all Booksellers SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 195

ORIE - TOAST O



MSTERS. Marjorie Jackson (left) shows her sisters, Norma (centre) and Beryl, the pil medals she seen at Helsinki. The girls seere photographed in Marjorie's bedroom in the Jacksons' new home.

World's shyest celebrity develops new confidence

Lithgow's Marjorie Jackson, known to the world as the most retiring and tongue-tied of celebrities, has brought home not only her two Olympic gold medals, but a new confidence and

She is still shy and modest. She is still not happy making speeches. Yet, as she walked through the wards of Lithgow District Hospital on the day of her triumphal return, her dignity of manner and bearing was remarkable for a 20-year-old.

with the patients.

Nine-year old Anne Farall, sitting up in a striped hospital night dress alone in ward, was obviously mind that she might be otgotten.

Marjone bent over her in buchingly maternal way, used and joked, and, remov-up her own Marjorie Jackson hadge from her Olympic blazer pel pinned it on Anne's

Mrs. D. Johnson, a Jackson lamly friend, expressed what the Olympic tour has done for Marjore.

sorticed the change at me, the said. Marj. has been brought right out of herall. She's nothing like as when the's talking to people."

At this moment Marjorie is phic girl in the world—and best liked by the boys who nie the photographs.

At the end of that hectic anday newspaper men were he steed up to the non-stop foal of flish bulbs, tape P rdes, Press questioning, and

he the changed over from the car in which she had been tiven from Sydney to the

SHE had gone to the hospital after her crowded to the share her flowers Mrs. E. Lee and Mrs. E. flower-filled car that Matear, pushed their way through the crowd to hand Marjoric a basket filled with hand-made artificial flowers.

"She would have got them whether she won or lost" they told me. "We began making told me. "We began making them the very day she left Australia"

Australia."
All the flowers were individual and of different colors, so that Marjorie will be able to wear a suitable flower with every frock. Neither Mrs. Lee every frock. Neither Mrs. Lee nor Mrs. Matear know Mar-jorie. "We're just admirers,"

they said. That Saturday afternoon all basket ball games were aban-doned, extra police were rostered on duty, whole portions of the town were cleared of traffic, and children stayed away in hundreds from their Saturday matinees.

From the civic reception the Jacksons and their friends went direct to what has become the traditional "victory spread" at the living premises behind the mixed corner shop of Mr. and Mrs. Rowley Day.

Mrs. Rowley Day.

A former starter of Lithgow
Athletic Club, Rowley Day
fired the pistols that started
Marj, on her road to fame.
The first of these truly fabulous spreads was held after
Marjorie's defeat of Fanny
Blankers-Koen in 1949.
Surprise climay to the long

exciting day came when her parents led her through the front door of their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and daughters Norma and Beryl, who had left Lithgow at 5 o'clock that morning to meet Marjorie at Mascot, had stayed up all the previous night put-

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

ting down carpets and placing

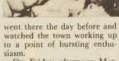
The Jacksons had moved in only two weeks before Mar-jorie came home. With the help of friends, Mr. Jackson has completely redecorated the interior of the house.

Marjorie's room has pale green walls and woodwork, and a darker green carpet.

It came as no surprise to anybody who knows her that the idol of Helsinki, the fast est woman in the world, was back at her office desk on the Monday after her Saturday

In fact, so certain were her boss and workmates that, while the town was ringing with wel-coming cheers on Saturday afternoon, the mother of one of the girls was baking a spe-cial welcome home cake for an office party.

larjorie's defeat of Fanny Lithgow left Marjorie in no doubt of its feelings. Photog-Surprise climax to the long, rapher Johnny Jones and I



On Friday afternoon Mar-jorie Jackson badges spread like a rash through Lithgow. Soon after schoolchildren be-Soon after achoolchildren be-gan selling them the man, woman, or child who wasn't wearing a Marjorie Jackson badge was either a stranger, dead broke, or hadn't been able to find a seller. Proceeds of sales of the

badges (organised by Lithgow Apex Club) are to benefit the Mosman Spastic Centre, Syd-

At no time during her trip did Marj. forget her friends back home. "We had a letter every week," Mrs. Jackson told

Marj. writes in a neat slop-ing hand, and in her letters emerges from her shyness.

"Wow, were they something!" she wrote of the chandeliers at Buckingham Palace. . . . "And then we had some eats" following her presentation to the Queen. . . Before it she "went numb all over and couldn't get on my gloves."

I asked Mrs. Jackson if Marjorie really did say, as had been reported, in reply to the Queen's inquiry "How did you like America" "O.K.,

your Majesty, how did you?"
Jolly little Mrs. Jackson
said firmly, "Of course not
Marjorie wouldn't dream of using that expression to the



think of anything to say but "Yes, your Majesty," "No, your Majesty." "I'm afraid the Queen must

"I'm afraid the Queen must have thought me a dumb cluck," she added.

Marjorie has never looked so well in her life, and has put on a stone in weight.
"Once we stopped training we just ate and are," she said.

All that the result of Lith.

All that the people of Lith-gow have planned to express their affection and pride in Marjorie couldn't be fitted into weekend.

She has yet to be given a special ladies' night by the Rotary Club, a social evening by the Athletic Club, an in-formal girls' night out by the basketball team, and on Sep-tember 13, when she will become 21, a special celebration by the City of Lithgow.

A great subject of specula-tion in younger set circles of Lithgow is Marjorie's reported Helsinki romance with Australian Olympic cyclist Peter Nelson.

On this Marjorie, with something of the tenacity that wins her world championships, firmly refused to be drawn, and, like a thousand girls be-

Queen. It wouldn't be like her at all."

Actually, Marjorie says that she was so excited she couldn't

friends."

fore her who hadn't quite
made up their minds, took
refuge in the formula, "just
she was so excited she couldn't

ginning of her first real ro-mance? Certainly the curly-haired 21-year-old South Ausharred 21-year-oin South Aus-tralian paid Marjoric marked attention at the Games and the social events connected with them.

The fact that she had made no mention of Peter in her letters to her family and her friends may only indicate a well kept secret.

Inquiries among Lithgow girls concerning Marjorie's home town boy friend, railway clerk Jimmy Patterson, brought forth a spate of enthusiastic comment.

Jimmy, who is fair, and 21 years old, enjoys tremendous local popularity. He plays outside centre for St. Patrick's Football Club, and is one of Lithgow's most promising battmen, topping last season's batting average. When Marbatting average. When Mar-jorie returned he was away jorie return

The comment of sweet, motherly Mrs. Day seemed to sum up the general feeling about Marjorie's romantic future: "Whoever it is, he'll never be too good for Marj.

III Australian Women's Wherly - August 20, 1952

The Sara Quads are two years old



JUDITH, dlison, and Mark find their first meeting with a calf at the Connells' farm slightly disconcerting despite assurances from Mrs. Sara and Maurice and Rita Connell. Phillip is not interested in cattle-raising (above).

· This week the San Quads celebrate their second birthday.

THEY are healthy, energence, and intelligent kiddies.

Their parents, Percy and Beth Son, sometimes look at their sturyl children wonder when they recall the introduced they were at hirth, wapting just 17th. 15or. altogether.

Now their total weight is 16th, and Betty has moments of longing to their more helpless days as the espewith the demands of her four vigons two-vear-olds. two-year-olds.

Betty and Percy are not the unly me

Betty and Percy are not the obly me who find themselves comparing the Quads mow with the Quads then. Ambulance officers Archie Thomson and Keith Campbell, who had as a hectic time during the Quads in days, have seen them on most duduring the past two years.

They drove Mrs. Sara to Bellings Hospital and made several dashs in Coff's Harbor airport to collect spen equipment the hospital needed for to babies.

babies.

They come over to the Sara lamfrom the neighboring ambulance ation for their morning and afternatea, and are firm friends of the Quatea, and are firm friends of the QuaUnderstandably enough, Betty Sadoes not take her four boastrom midren for outings very often.

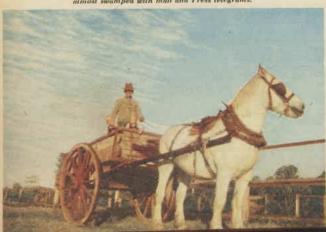
Once a week, however, they speed a
afternoon visiting their former minRita Connell, at her parents' family

Rita Connell, at her parents fam jar near Bellingen. At the farm, Betty and Rita let des

lose in a large grassy podduck nor the house, where Mark, Judish Alisa, and Phillip can run about to the hearts' content.



ALISON, Judith, and Phillip meet postmaster Mr. R. J. (Jack) Holmez and junior postal assistant Brian Foster at Bellingen Fost Office, where the Quads' mail is the biggest handled. When the Quads were born the little post office was almost swamped with mail and Press telegrams.



A RIDE in the farm dray with Mr. G. E. Connell and Captain is very serious and exciting for Phillip and Mark when they visit Mr. Connell's property near Bellingen (left).

MILKMAN Eric Ulrick has an varuest audience before breakfust as the Quads and their dog, Sooty, watch him deliver the eleven pints of milk required daily by the Suras.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 1853



THERE'S NO REST for Mrs. Sara when she takes the Quads to Bellingen's children's playyound. They play on the merry-go-round and soings and run in all directions. Staff photographer Ron Berg caught Judith, Mark, and Phillip standing still for a minute, but Alison ma off. The four taddlers enjoy exploring any new surrounding—in different directions.



IREQUADS made short work of a box full of surprise packets when they visited Bellingen lishful, which their birth made famous. Sisters Kathleen McCrath, Muriel Hartley, and been McFadyen, who were at the hospital when the Quads were born, and two of their doctors had a streamous time when the children made their birthday visit.



PHILLIP is eager to help as his father measures him for his two-year-old height.

Measured in their shoes, Phillip and Mark were both 2ft. 9in. tall, and Judith
and Alison were both 2ft. 7\frac{1}{2}in. All the children are sturdy, and eat and sleep
well. Their progress since they were born has been normal.

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Vol. 20, No. 12

SUPPORT FROM UNCLE SAM

ONE of the Americans' splendid national traits is the ability to see their own mistakes.

They elected to rub in the memory of one dreadful error by holding the meetings of the Anzus Council at Kancohe Marine Station, the scene of the first Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Australians should be equally ready to remember their country's plight shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Australia was saved from enemy invasion only by the arrival of American troops and war material.

History could repeat itself.

A pointer to this possibility was the discussion by the Council of a southern gap in the defensive ring drawn round the Communist-dominated Asian mainland.

The importance of such a defence is all too evident to anyone who has looked at a map of the world lately.

No hard and fast decisions await Australia as a result of the Anzus Council meeting at Honolulu, although they will have to be made soon.

Right now the Council is merely another cautious step towards eventual col-lective defence by Pacific nations against Communist aggression.

Or, as Mr. Casey put it so succinctly at the outset of the conference, "The main aim of the Council is to make it clear that if any funny business starts we will all be in it.

And the likelihood in the event of any "funny business" is not that the United States will lean on Australia but that Australia will once again be supported by a strong and generous Uncle Sam.

OUR COVER

The cover picture was taken when the Sara Quads paid one of their weekly visits to see their former nurse, Rita Convisits to see their former nurse, Rita Con-nell, at her parents' farm, near Bellingen, N.S.W. Mss. Sara and Rita are holding them up at the fence to see the cows. Just before Ron Berg took the picture, Mark, who is a pastmaster at getting into difficulties, lost his footing and slipped through the fence into the paddock, where for one paralysing moment he lay help-less in front of a lot of suspicious cows. He was too surprised to cry.

This week:

 In addition to our cover, we have a picture story in color about the Quads on pages 12 and 13. Betty Sara gets a constant stream of faminal from people interested in her babies. Lots of letters come from girls in their early teens who are at the stage when all bubies are interesting, and the Quads when all babies are interesting, and the Quadis particularly so. One 16-year-old girl, who lives in Wauchope, N.S.W., has written several letters, and not long ago, after hearing about the Ambulance and Hospital Queen Competition in Bellingen, rang Betty to ask if she could come up for the day to sell tickets for the competition funds. So one Saturday she left her home in Wauchope at about 4 a.m. to travel to Bellingen, sold three books of tickets, and in return was able to spend tickets, and in return was able to spend short while with the Quada. Betty does ot encourage visitors, but in this case she felt she had to make an exception,

Next week:

- A theatrical event which is causing good deal of interest in Sydney is the ivoli Theatre's presentation of the "Folies Tivoli Theatre's presentation of the "Folio Bergere"—which incorporates the lavish spec bergere —which incorporates the lavish spec-tacle of the famous Parisian productions. After the Sydney season the Folies will move on to other capital cities of the Commonwealth. Next week in full color we will show you some of the elaborately staged and beautifully dressed scenes of this most glamorous of all
- A brilliant young Paris dress designer, Herbert de Givenchy, has made the blouse and skirt high fashion overseas. Next week's fashion notes by Mary Hordern, with color illustrations by Dorothea Johnston, are devoted to this blouse-and-skirt theme.

JANE AVRIL OF THE MOULIN ROUGE By Jose Shercliff

The day Jane was dis-charged, her mother tried to

force her into prostitution. In-stead she sought the protection

of a young doctor from the hospital.

He was the first of the long list of lovers who made Jane the talk of Paris.

In her middle 30's and at the end of her dancing career, Jane at last made a modest marriage. But, through no fault

of her own, it ended in dis-

She emerged from obscurity in the 1930's when a revival of interest in the inneries swept the fashionable and ar-

Jose Shercliff, then working in the Paris office of the London "Daily Express," was sent to write a human interest story about her. She remained a friend and adviser until the end of Jane's life.

The 14 black-and-white re-productions of Lautree posters, as well as a chapter on the artist seen through Jane's eyes,

make the book a worthwhile piece of Lautrer bibliography

tistic world.

"Doctor says

they're good

so does Dad!



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the laxative that taste exactly like fine checolate. Nurses and doctors recommend taxettes because they're so gentle and me. They give such a sift, easy motion.

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AN OUTSTANDING

Cousins-Come - Lately

Eve Pownall

The adventures of two cli-dren in Sydney Town of In

They meet the clay-diggs in Hyde Park, cows wander down George Street to 1 milking-sheds, street-crim and whalers and many other

They take part in an extinchase and help to fight bushfire.

Delightfully illustrated Margaret Senior

AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF ALL THAT BEST IN BOOK PRODUCTION

12%

From all Booksellers SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRES

"Jane Avril of the Moulin ouge" is published by Jar-lds. Our copy from Angus and Robertson

COMMERCIAL opportunism no doubt played its part in the appearance of this book so hard on the heels of Pierre Lamure's widely read "Moulin Rouge," which helped to make Toulouse-Lautrec and his period fashionable again.

Miss Shercliff's romanticised biography of Jane Avril, can-can dancer and favorite model of Toulouse-Lautree, is in every way inferior to Lamure's reconstruction of the painter's

But the author, an English newspaperwoman working in Paris, who knew and was de-voted to Jane Avril, has given a wealth of detail about her.

During the last years of Jane's life (she died in poverty during the German occupation of France in World War II), the author was almost the only friend of the old woman whose dancing, gaiety, and wit had made her, towards the end of last century, a toast of Paris.

The book's value lies in the incredible and fascinating story of Jane herself, and in the in-formed picture of the complex social structure of the demi-

Miss Shercliff uses a kind of prose impressionism to set her time and place. She gives a glimpse of a wet cab horse, a bunch of violets, the flash of a vanishing skirt, a cat scurry-ing beneath a lighted street lamp—and the result some-how is Paris of the Naughty

The childhood of Jane, ille-gitimate daughter of a de-mented demi-mondaine and an

Italian nobleman, was horrible At 13, suffering from mal nutrition, and covered with welts and bruises inflicted by her mother in her ungovernable rages, Jane was admitted to the Saltpetriere Hospital.

She remained in that strange institution for the insane, sur-rounded by every form of mad-ness and horror, for three

The Australian Women's
Weekly
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A Wave you can Set and Forget

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to its naturally healthy state, preserve it, cherishes it, gives you carls so soft yet so strong that they come back even prettier after a shampou! So, for a home wave that's ... well, just thrilling ... that's as natural-as-cau-be, use the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permaneut Refill which contains everything you need except the plastic curlers. At all chemists and selected department stores.



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ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Readers give their views

Do toddlers suffer

Veronica West's article "Toddlers May Suffer When Mum Works" in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly brought a wide response from readers. Some agreed with Miss West's statements; some protested.

From their letters we have selected three which represent the protests. Two are from mothers who, for extra money, go to work; the other is from a man studying educational systems.

THIS woman, the mother of a girl aged 10 and a boy aged six, agreed with Veronica West's main point that a

with Veronica West's hand point child needs mother love.

"Nothing in all this world can repay a child for the lost hours of a mother's care," this woman wrote. "But what can we do?"

"With present high prices and costs, the privilege of being a housewife and mother laboration richen from us."

has been taken from us.

She finds it impossible to keep house for two adults and two children on £12 a week— if, as well, she wants to give her children

it, as well, she wants to give her children material advantages.

"A man's money will not keep house, buy clothes, and pay debts," she said.

"To give my kiddies the simple things of life, have to work. So do many other mothers. On a man's money there is not even picture for them, let alone clothes."

Her daughter was going to school when this mother started work in a factory three years ago, but her son has been in the daily care of his grandmother since he was three. "I have been very fortunate to have her," she added. "She has been most kind to my chil-dren, but it still isn't the same.

"I love my children. Only a mother can know just how much she has missed of their baby days.

baby days.
"Sometimes I ache for those lost days. But I guess I have to go without.
"Mothers get used to going without."
This woman found that after a year or so at work her low pay and declining health made the job uneconomic, so she gave up work. But after an illness she had to get another job to eave decrea, bills and keen up time payments. pay doctors' bills and keep up time payments

"The worry and trying to make the money she wrote.

go round nearly sent me nuts," she wrote.
"When I was sick the little chap used some-times to ask me to buy him some cheap little thing. It used to hurt to nave was son; Mummy hasn't any money. It used to hurt to have to say, 'I'm sorry,

son; Mummy hasn't any money.

"Then used to come the question, 'Will you buy it for me when you get paid?'

"I used to make many a promise and hope the little fellow would forget it. Sometimes it worked. At other times it didn't, but the extra effort of going without some necessity for myself—even food—was worth it.

"But I can't give up work because there isn't enough if I do.

I have to try to give the children the small

extras that count so much with them.
"If I do give up work the kiddies will feel it most. And I want them to have a happy life. So I must go on.

A NOTHER letter came from a man, a B.A. with first-class honors in psychology, who is at present studying Australia's educational systems.

"Nothing could be truer than Mrs. West's observation that the disciplinary measures taken in some kindergartens are more than likely to lead to neurotic, warped personalities in adulthood," he wrote.

She is to be applauded for her courage in attacking those who set up fly-by-night insti-tutions in inadequate premises.

"But none of these charges apply only to kin-dergartens. Every one can be said with equal truth to be current practice by many mothers,

"Mother love is not infallible. Many people act in good faith in ways damaging to their children, thinking they are 'building character.' "Kindergartens can be bad, but so can every-

thing on this earth.
"Can the child whose mother is ill and irritable be worse off in a nursety where the day

is spent in activities which give him pleasure than at home, where every object is forbidden and life consists of 'don'ts' and smacks? "Can the little girl cooped up in a bed-sitting-room with her two sisters and a frus-trated mother obtain the mental and physical satisfactions associated with freedom to run, to call out, and to move freely?

"The unfortunate fact, unflattering though it is, is that merely to be a parent is not to

it is, is that merely to be a parent is doctor be an expert parent.

"It has been said that some of us learn how to rear children by the mistakes we make with our first, but the majority of us never learn at all.

"For many children the nursery school is

the only place they receive proper care.

"The parent who sends a child to kinder-garten to be ried of it is the very parent who would do the child most harm if there were no break in the constant neglect, rejec-

who would do the child most harm if there were no break in the constant neglect, rejection, or hostility that the child would experience if always kept at home.

"The mother, harassed by economic worries, who sees her child as the one tie that prevents her from earning her way out of her difficulties is more likely to damage her thild he send that her the child has read to be the child her condition has the condition of the child her condition has the child her child her thild the send that the condition has the child her child her thild the send that the condition has the child that the child her child would be considered to the child would be child her child by spending her time at home and taking her frustration out on the child than

by placing it in skilled hands.
"Mrs. West began with the question, kindergartens and day nurseries . . . taking the place of home?' I want to finish with 'In some cases, I certainly hope so."

A NOTHER correspondent is a school-teacher.

"I am one of the legion of women who have "I am one of the legion of women," she wrote.
"I asked myself, 'Am I guilty? Am I doing something which is going to be detrimental to my three-year-old daughter?"
"I felt that I could answer this in the nega-

"Unfortunately, I had to face the fact that what Veronica West related was tragically true

what Veronica West related was tragically true in so many cases to-day.

"Those private baby-minding centres' are becoming a blot on the pattern of our life and can only have a harmful impact on the impressionable little lives which are so unfortunate as to become victims of them.

"Before going back to work I had considered the problem thoroughly and had dicussed the pros and cons with my husband.

"We were both becoming very harassed and edgy because of near-financial embarrassment before almost every pay, in spite of every effort to make both ends meet.
"We decided that by a policy of co-operation we could manage the home chores and retain an atmosphere of serenity.

"I looked round for the right place to seek employment, and I found it—a school where could teach and have my daughter enrolled

"This arrangement has proved wonderful. I feel I can recommend the qualified nursery and kindergarten schools to mothers who are forced to do as I have done.
"At these schools capable and affectionate

trained teachers take your babies under their wings and almost make you jealous the way your babies love and idolise them.

"When my daughter says on Saturday morning, 'But I want to go to school,' it spurs me on to be a better and more understanding

"I feel that many children benefit from their time spent in well-organised nurseries and kindergartens, and also from the increased feeling of security in the home where lack of money is no longer the burden which previously made both parents and children irritable and nervy."



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and fortill the was system against debiling. They contain the coord trated nourishment and tamins of pure and live a and provide wild entry ensure natural match p up appetite, and promi glowing health in his easy-to-take tablet for they're ideal for children they're ideal for as well as adults!



3/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS



Sixty years of hat selling

Valiant is the word for Carrie Smith

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

On July 12, 1890, a little girl in a Jemure black dress and black cotton dockings started work behind the baberishery counter of the small two-story hop near Sydney University owned by ambitious young businessmen, A. E. and J. N. Grace.

Later, when under Carrie's guidance the milllinery depart-

ment was developed, the society hostess, the late Mrs. T. H. Kelly, was considered by her as outstanding among

Miss Smith herself is a still

handsome woman, with con-siderable presence, an elegant self-set coiffure, and graceful,

slender hands.
"Tve been fortunate," she

The been fortunate, she said with disarming candor, "in that I've always been able to wear a hat." And indeed she can, as I saw when she tried on several in the course

of our conversation.

Carrie has always been what she calls a tailored woman, though she was once

woman, though she was once very fond of ospreys. She wears—like a uniform— pearl stud earrings and a single string of pearls. "Of course if I were at home in the

mornings I wouldn't wear ear-rings," she said, "for that would be incorrect. But in the

department I wouldn't feel completely dressed without

It hurts Carrie to go to a big Randwick race meeting these days—a thing she has done as part of her job most of her working life.

said regretfully. "To everybody seems to only of looking sensible."

her customers.

SHE was Caroline Smith, whose bright copper muil dung like a schoolto her childish neck d whose debut into the ed of commerce had been commend by her mother's ming to mind her manners show herself willing

the August 1, 1952, Miss with ended 62 years' condides four trips abroad and

ing her last week at work. between and messenger girls, and her with flowers, gifts, el work of affection.

"I was happy from the sement I started work," Clar-r and, "and I have been

Life ham't always been easy

Ste must have been a ey good-looking girl, but in m young womanhood an tack of rheumatic fever left swin a pronounced limp.
Someone who worked with
the lot nearly

think think the it was then Carrie to sade all thoughts of the saming she would surely have toir course of her life. Carrie Smith's starting salary

us 2/6 a week which she bood to her mother. Hours wer from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Someday included, with a halfdone as part of her poor of her working life.

"Once the crowd would be made up of elegantly dressed woman in creations specially made for the occasion," she wild regretfully. "To-day think by off during the week. Fernmately the Smiths lived

othis walking distance of the onlinearm as a wage-earner, high head held high, could be year be seen hurrying hour such mid-day and even-ag lot hinch and tea.

Came recalls with regret banable carriage trade of lineties. "The firm built its treputation on serving thing people from nearby auth, the said.

My biggest thrill when I at started in the haber-abery department was to be fit up the baskets of the the early morning to stock

when after two years in the atendahery. Carrie was pro-too to the millinery depart-tion the considered that she schieved the ultimate in

thing as a trimmed hat," med, with the customer eding the ribbon, flowers, telling from the appro-



MISS CARRIE SMITH, who spent nearly 62 years in the millinery department of Grace Bros.' store, Sydney, received many gifts of flowers like these during her last week there before she retired recently.

as well tell you that when I was a young woman I used to have a different hat every

day."
Her favorite hat period was

Her favorite hat period was about 1914, when women wore picture hats with lancer phumes and knotted feathers. The decision to resign was Carrie's, not the firm's. "I've been thinking of it for some time," she said. "It has been

a very difficult decision to make, but I know the cor-Customers her friends rect thing is to get out while you're well."

She sighed, "I shall have

She sighed. "I shall have to make a big adjustment. My work has been my life."
"Of course," Carrie said in a tone of youthful directness, "I would not like you to tell my age. People will already be saying 'She must be a mil-

"Not," she hastened to add,
"that I don't feel equal to
doing the job for another ten

And, frankly, it would not be at all surprising if she could.

I asked Carrie how many hats she had in her personal wardrobe. "Well, not so many to-day, but"—something like a to-day, but"—something like a blush rose behind the gallant pink of her cheeks—"I might FORTY YEARS ago FORTY YEARS ago this busby toque was headline fash io n nesses. Miss Smith remembers selling many of these models of marabou and silk with sheasand munths.

Carrie, with her charming decisive voice, aristocratic features, and bright hazel eyes, is the sort of person to whom one instinctively pays the compliment of being natu-

I asked her why she didn't hasked her why she thanks or seem her age. "Well, my dear, I think it must be because I have no set ideas," she said. "I have never lost interest and I like to know what's going on.
"I was only a child when I started work, and my whole

education had been through the people I've met. I'm never as happy when I'm travelling to work or going home from work as when I am AT work."

Retirement for Carrie will mean life with her unmarried sister in the home they already share in a Sydney western sub-urb. "Two unclaimed treasures" is the way she describes

Quite frankly, Carrie is a little appalled at the prospect of doing housework after her life as a career woman. "Tm not crazy about it," she said.

But as long as births, deaths and marriages are recorded in the newspapers, Carrie Smith will never feel lonely.

For there, day by day, are recorded the changing fortunes of the countless families she has supplied with party hats, wedding veils, and mourning.

A nice wedding gives Carrie
the utmost satisfaction; an
early death something like a
personal grief.

Many of her later-day customers are what she calls
"handed on"—the granddaughters of women she served
in her youth in her youth.

Carrie's policy has always been to "make a customer as well as a sale."

As well as making customers Carrie has made friends.

I would like to add to the

tributes that have been paid to Carrie Smith by the people among whom she has worked. My word for her is "valiant."





Cashmere Moustee lops and your Colourfast stays loxely for hours! Bouquet

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TOUTH SUMS UP /3

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



If you could have your choice, who would you most like to be?

fairy godmother waved her magic and and transformed you on the spot he person you'd like to be, it's oddsat you wouldn't be a great deal

granice thought—that you could be med into your dream person. It's es-

dear to young people. reflection to decide on who of all espic in the world they would most like

if is a 19-year-old commercial artist.

Ger, this is guona be terrific," he exclaimed,
tog as hands in anticipation. "Let's sec.

little be a king of the desert—a sheik,



ou could be back in the sand, go where ble and have plenty of money and

are and have pleasy or into a properly of problems, ford have plenty of wives, too, but I a bre would be enough. In think of it—all you'd have to do as he to put your head back and let the see drop the food into your mouth.

Third be the perfect life."

nm time to time I've had fleeting desires a film star or minor Royalty. I wouldn't to be a major one because they have

But mostly I'd like to be me in about the provided my ambitions have untalised by then. I would have travelled the large arout faire and all that.

in the same," she added, "I quite like

m is 15 in his first job as a messenger. If like to be a jockey," he said. "Neville wood for preference.

A poter's life is the best and the theet-that anyone could have. You work as the open air and the work is body-

used to be an apprentice, but I got too

Since it can't possibly come true that I'll rokey, I'd like to be a turf writer. That'd

He explained: "All my life I've loved horses taking I think I went to my first race ting when I was two."

fire is the eldest of a family of six. She

add have seen about it long ago

lose children and always have, but some to the man I'm in love with, so that we'd never ass when I was working during the day have to part again."

But Ron, an apprentice hand and machine compositor, gave sound reasons. He is 19.

"When it's all boiled down I'd rather be my

stieth, aged 18, an office junior: Id like to be Debbie Reynolds, the film

because she has money? No, not really; because she's so lively and vivacious.

d like to lead the sort of life she leads

"Thinking about it, though, I'd rather be Marguerite Higgins, the American newspaper

correspondent.

"She gets paid to take trips round the world, and she meets such a lot of wonderful people. Besides, she's so attractive."

Norman is 15, working in an office at his

First job.

"I'd like to be an international sportsman and represent Australia in cricket or football, especially football," he said. "I wouldn't want to be a star, but I'd like to be in the back line to be in the back line.

Would I make it my profession? My

Next best I'd be a policeman, but'I can't

get into the force.
"I was too small the first time I applied, and now I have glasses."

Like Elizabeth, Pam is an 18-year-old office mior. She would like to be a ballet dancer.

"I know it's hard work, but I'd really like that sort of life because I'm interested in dancing—there's nothing more graceful.

"In particular I'd like to be Moira Shearer, just to be able to dance the way she does with such expression in her hands. She's grace personified."

To appreciate the incongraity of Dorothy's choice you must know that at 15 she is fair and slim, with blue eyes and peaches-andcream complexion.

She blushed and looked uncomfortable, but mally said: "What I'd really like to be is a steam-train driver.

"Trains are fascinating. I once had a ride in a steam train and it was marvellous.

"It wouldn't seem like work at all if you ere travelling all the time. Travelling down the Australian coast and everything would be

to be a major one because they have lovely.

Dorothy wouldn't mind the soot or the partial form of the soot or the greater. "I always help Dad pull down the greater and I'm always reading books on mechanics," she said.



When I remarked that Russia would be about the only place to realise this ambition she in-terrupted quickly, "Unless I dress up as a

boy. Yes, I'll go as far as that if I get really desperate about it."

desperate about it."

A number of boys and girls didn't want to
be anybody but themselves.

socke for many: "There's nobody I

"The quite

Anne spoke for many: "There's nobody I want to be. I'd rather be myself. I'm quite contented with my life."

Fifteen-year-old Pat took the idea a step

Joan, aged 20, had a qualification to add.
"I'd like to be myself—but myself married to the man I'm in love with, so that we'd never have to out again."

"When it's all boiled down I'd rather be my plain common self," he said.

"A fellow would rather prove himself to be something rather than just suddenly be somebody else. I'd certainly rather work up to being good at my job and having money.

"You take the average fellow that has a bit of dough, it's only himself that get; himself.

the way the does, even if it's only in of dough-it's only himself that gets himself

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MI AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WYEELY - August 20, 1952



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Worth Reporting

WE went along the veiling" of a new model car, curious to see how the motor trade organises these shows. We were impressed.

We found ourselves one of two women among 200 men, all with glasses in hand, stand-ing round on an expanse of parquet flooring in a glass-walled motor showroom. At the end of the room was a curtain of huge black and white

A company executive en-deavored to put us at our case, "That's the engine," he said, pointing to an object we recog-nised as a car engine. "I don't suppose you care about engines much."

We said no, we didn't really, though (with a stab at bright conversation) we remembered when the same company's cars changed over to band-operated gears instead of something you when the sight wour foot. pushed with your foot.

Passing up the opportunity reply "Surely not?" he said, "Ah, yes, that was in the pre-epicyclical era. Good cars those, served their purpose, you know

"What did he sav?" we asked a young man as the ex-ecutive drifted off.

ecutive drifted off.
"Pre - epicyclical," he answered. "Don't ask him to explain it, though. Might take till midnight, and the dancer comes on won."

An orchestra struck up a fanfare, an executive made a brief speech and announced a "jungle dancer."

"Thought it was a car they were unveiling," said an elderly gentleman testily as a dancer in a Bikini costume appeared. He was happier when she was followed by an acrobatic team clad more adequately, and he clapped loudly. Having virl performers at

Having girl performers at these shows is a good idea. It enables speakers to make little jokes about new models and

loses about new models and clean lines. Followed a dramatic pause, then a bigger fanfare, a roar of an engine, and the car burst through the balloons. The driver escaped to an ante-room. A pretty model got out of the car and posed against it for photographs. Some of the guests moved

closer to examine the car. More moved back to the bar tables. A men handed us a large white balloon as a sou-venir, and we fell to discussing with a newspaper cartoon-ist the high price of cars and the possibility of an adult learning to ride a bicycle.

AN American firm has in-An American firm has in-stalled a "warry room" where employees could work out ticklish problems in peace and quiet.

and quiet.

With some surprise, the management noticed that girl employees never used the

"Girls don't seem to have any worries," they blithely de-duced.

duced.
We deduce differently. Whoever heard of a girl, even when
weighed down by a stack of
problems, who would voluntarwhere ily work in a room where unbroken silence was the rule?



"Is the machinery scaled in so my husband can't get at it?"

A PERTH reader reports that never has he seen such a shocked expression as the one on a woman shopper's face as she surreptitionsly matched the material of her expensive-looking suit against a roll of 9/11 a yard flannel distributed is a risk and flannel

Fulbright scholar on the "Dinkum Aussie"

ACCORDING to 25-yearold Fulbright scholar Jean Mathieson, from Michigan State College, Detroit, the "Dinkum Aussie" still exists—

well away from the big cities. Her idea of a "Dinkum Aussie" is based on characters in Henry Lawson's short

Jean is at Melbourne University doing research work on the Colombo Plan and South-east Asia's economic development, but she has also found time to get to know Australia. Australia.

Australia.
"I guess I've seen far more of Australia than of the United States," she told us. "It's the first time I've been west of the State of Michigan."

Australian hospitality im-pressed Jean when she hitch-hiked from Canberra to Brisbane during a recent holiday

"One night I slept on the floor of a bus and in the moreing the driver brought me a cup of tea. Another night I spent in a railway station and the porter built a fire so that I could cook my chops."

Early next year Jean will an American student.

"There must be a latent pioneer spirit in both of us because we're going to live in Alaska," she said.

KEEPING warm in Mel-KEPING warm in Mel-bourne's freezing tempera-tures was a simple achieve-ment for a middle-aged woman who spent part of her funch-hour in the toy depart-ment of a city store trying out lengths of skipping rope.

Australian directs park music in London

MUSIC director of London's 106 parks is an Australian, 50-year-old bachelor Frank Wright, who comes from Smeaton, near Ballarat, Vic-

He is the man who organises the brass band and orchestral concerts, and the performances concerts, and the performances of ballet and plays for the en-tertainment of millions of Londoners during the short 13 weeks summer season. When Mr. Wright joined the London County Council in 1935 he started a campaign

to bring something more than brass bands to park audiences.

Now the council spends £30,000 annually to provide a varied repertoire of park

Last year, for instance, Frank Wright achieved a lifelong ambition when the Lon-don Symphony Orchestra gave lake-side concerts at Kenwood, Hampstead Heath.

During the winter-time Mr.
Wright is busy with auditions
at County Hall. Entertainment for children is one of
his specialities, and he often
tries out performances at
schools to watch the children's
reactions. reactions before engaging them for the summer.

Frank Wright is acknow-ledged as one of the foremost brass band authorities, and, despite his efforts in other fields of entertainment, he still thinks there is nothing to touch the excitement of a brass band.

A conductor of note, a composer, and an adjudicator, he was the first Australian to conduct at the Royal Festival Hall, early in December

AN American called Stanley Sayres has created a new world's hydroplane record at an average speed of 178 miles an hour.

Mr. Sayres' speedboat is illed "Slo-Mo-Shun the called Fourth."



Skin blemishes and irritate rashes can permanently injudelicate skin. Wright's Co Tar Soap is mild yet fulcleansing. It is recommended by doctors for the prevention and treatment of the complaints.

Your skin is pricelesspamper it with

COAL TAR SOAP

Ideal for Toilet and Nam





silver. Regular care with liquid Silvo keepa silver to F



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEREY - August 20, 195

Page 20

PRINCESS MARGARET:

The Queen's pretty sister takes a bigger share now of Royal duties



OFFICIAL FISIT. Princess Margaret county inspected the Royal Victoria fingula on a anottering day. She news a gay organism dress, but, and matching handbog for the visit.

FAR FROM A PRINCESS. Gracious Frances Macarent smiles and scarce in the pumple as her car drives through the street of Follorstame to the Royal Futuric Hampital there (right). * Princess Margaret, who will celebrate her 22nd birthday on August 21, is taking her official duties more seriously since the death of her father. She is concentrating on hospital visits as part of her official programme. Her charming personality brightens many a hospital ward.





OFFICIAL WELCOME. Princers Margaret shakes hands with the matron and members if the haspital board on arriving at the Royal Fictoria Haspital. Her ready wit and charming smile soon put patients and pursing staff at their case.



GLAMOROUS GOWN was worn by Princess Margaret when attending the theaire. Since the end of Royal mourning Princess Margaret has taken up her public duties again and has been present at several parties and dances in London.

IN AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 1952

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choose this 'indispensable'

Yardley Complexion Milk leads a double life.

Firstly as a refreshing daytime cleanser, quick

but penetrating, to dissolve your maquillage and provide the base

for a new one. Secondly as the finest, lightest foundation for a lasting translucent make-up.



Complexion Milk

also Foundation Cream - Liquid Foundation English Complexion Cream - "Make-up Base"

Complexion Powder - Rouge

Lipstick - Mascara - Eye Shadow

- LONDON NEW YORK PARIS TORONTO SYDNEY

Page 22

MOTHER

'Cat's meat, please. Enough for six



seems to

Dorothy Drain

weather the Sydney shops dressed their windows for spring.

Last year the same thing happened. Pavements awash, passers-by mud-spattered, and the windows full of beautiful frivolities carrying the promise

of brighter days to come.

From a strictly commercial standpoint the shops would probably prefer fine weather for their spring displays, but it may give them satisfaction to know that they spread

And then again, it may not. You can't put cheer in a balance-sheet.

THE hats, as always, are especially beguiling, which reminds me of a news item in a recent issue of an American

A millinery buyer made an informal survey of fellow passengers on the Long Island rail-

She found that the ratio of hat-wearers to hatless (female) was six to four and that the hat-wearers proved to be mostly fashion models, wives of United Nations officials, and women doctors. In fact, they all had "prestige"

"It was unthinkable that they should be able to maintain the dignity of their positions with-out a hat as a crowning touch," the buyer

Which all adds up to a neat little piece of propaganda for millinery.

In Australia, hat-wearing seems more de-pendent on age than position.

Most of the girls who go without hats are 25 and under. After that it's nice to have SOMETHING pretty to look at in the mirror,

STILL on the subject of commerce and fashion, I believe the first International Umbrella Congress was held in Germany this year.

A German politician told the congress that young diplomats were now encouraged to earry umbrellas to complete a suave polished appearance. This is in contradiction to the Nazi belief that umbrellas were a sign of weakness and decadence.

Strange that the umbrella, useful as a pro-tection from rain and sun, should have had such a controversial career through the cen-

When Jonas Hanway, first man to carry one in the London streets, won his battle against the 18th-century backney coachmen, who feared the new gadget would rob them of custom, he doubtless thought its fate was settled.

But nearly 200 years later umbrella manu-facturers must have shuddered when poor Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella, so briefly a symbol of peace, became a symbol of appeasement.

Obviously the organisers of the International Umbrella Congress have been working like beavers to see that such a disaster can't happen

lunch hour I saw oned the finest handle-bar moutaches I have seen since the war.

It was walking along the street atop a soil of civiling clothes, a reminder that the forties, like the thirties at the 'twenties, are rapidly so quiring a period flavor.

The handle-har mounce looked fine with union especially RAAF, betwee 1939 and 1945. It is possible of course, that the man I as

was a service character sering civvies off duty.
Even so, this particularluxuriant growth had an air of belonging a

There's nothing wrong with that in sor ways. Queen Mary settled for a toget at has worn it with distinction all her life. Walk most women sway with the passing mode, often find their style and stick to it.

So a man is doubtless entitled to do the same thing. If his spiritual period was the roaring Torties, let him cling to his famile bar moustache. But he must be prepared for to date him.

MARRIED couple I know, who go A on better than most, have one per manent bone of contention.

The husband, though a moderately how smoker, draws the line at smoking in bed. It smoker, draws the line at smoking in bed. It regards it as dangerous, unhygienic, and an social. A last cigarette before the patrillight out is the wife's idea of bliss.

When he objects too strongly she someone waits till husband it asleep, takes a few wreptitious puffs, and hides the butt.

"If ever I'm rich," says the husband plustively. "I'm section to have a work assemble.

If ever I'm rich,' says the hindrand pluttively, "I'm going to have a smoking-room for the wife. Fireproof curtains and divan in a annex off the bedroom. They used to have smoking-rooms for the gentlemen in well conducted houses, so I don't see why then couldn't be one for ladies."

A DOG called Lassie is being an anti-narcotic squad in Telauv DOG called Lassie is being used by Israel, to track down hashish.

And I suppose the police there, instead a making drunks say "British Constitution," at them to repeat quickly three times "Laure hashish."

HOLLYWOOD has a new star, Feat-less Fagan, a lion who appears in jungle films by day and is taken to cock tail parties at night.

"It was nice in the jungle," the lien said
(In a talk to the Hollywood papers),
"As King of the Beasts I could hold up my hold.
But here I'm ashamed of my capers.
To tell you the truth, I've lost my notes,
It's not what I drink, but the dies,
And the may they keep rathing of here, jury, jury.

It's not what I drink, but the diet.
And the way they keep talking of lure, lu

'Why, it's Fagan, how marvellous, darling

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 1951

ARDLE

Milli



DRAMATIC hospital row when Del Paima (James Mason), right, quesstreatment given his wife, is heard patient Jean Wilson (June Havoc).



DEPRESSED to find herself convalescing in the Del Palma country house, unknowingly rented by her husband, Tom (Stephen Dunne), Jean reacts strangely.



the screenplay. It is based on a best-selling novel by Mrs, Mason entitled "Del Palma." "Lady Possessed" also marks Mason's debut as a movie producer. Newcomer Stephen Newcomer Stephen Dunne is a young radio and television actor from New York.

Havoe.

James Mason and his wife, Pamela Kellino, who plays a prominent role in the film, wrote the screenplay. It is

AN unusual hallucina-All unusual naturena-tion is the subject of Republic's psychologi-cal thriller "Lady Pos-sessed," which stars James Mason and June



4 OBSESSED by thought that she is fated to take place of Del Palma's wife, Jean copies deceased Madelaine's looks and character.



JEAN apprehen-

gively begs Tom

He thinks

5 CONSIDERING Jean to be stagestruck, Del Palma offers her a place his act, When Jean tells Tom she leaving him, he contacts Palma.



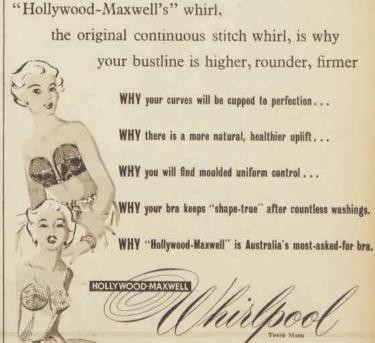
6 ANGRILY aware now of reason for Jean's behaviour, Del Palma accuses her of interfering with his life. Highly-strung Jean cannot cope with this treatment.



7 DEMENTED by Del Palma's utburst, Jean runs away. om arrives at their country home in time to pacify and soothe her.



8 SANCTUARY from the terrors through which she has lived is found by Jean in her husband's arms. Later, no longer a "lady possessed," she settles down to quiet domesticity.



The only bra with the original and genuine whirlpool stitching ... often imitated but never equalled.

Insist on a genuine "Hollywood-Maxwell"-perfection in a bra.



Page 24

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 12

★ Filmed in color against authentic South Sea back-grounds, "Saturday Island" is a romantic drama. Linda Darnell, Tab Hunter, and Donald Gray co-star.

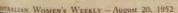


IS IT RESCUE? Forced landing of a plane on the sail (above) has island castaways Linda Darnell and latter wondering if it will bring about their rescue, island, they have to save injured pilot Donald Gray.



CLISH of temperaments (shoes) follows discovery of Ind Hunter and Linda based that they are the one inhibitionts of Sataries Island. There is discovery in the Indiana. There is discovery in their ages and neighborder out.

ROMANTIC threesome (right). Linda Darnell (a nurse) and Tab Hunter (a young Marine) are cast up on a desert island when their ship is wrecked in the Pacifye. Donald Gray (a wounded flier) crashes on the island.









Everybody's wandering why you've looked so much better lately and saying that you seem to grow younger every lay."

day.
"Do you really think so?
Perhaps it's because I decided
to stop worrying. There's
nathing so ageing as worry!
Then I sleep well, take reasonuble exercise and I

bered that a seamon is an young as she looks."
"Well, it that's all your secret, I suppose it is what we all try to do—or should."
"There is perhaps just one other thing, Between ourselves, I started taking Phyllosan a lew months ago and I never miss taking my two tablets three times a day."

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

by restoring digestive and metabolic tone strengthening the nerves and increasing energy

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

** With a Song in My Heart

FOX'S choice of Susan Hayward to play the role of singer Jane Froman in "With a Song in My Heart," their opulent technicolor biographicalmusical, is a resounding SUCCESS.

Susan brings to the role warmth and vitality as well as doing a splendid job of miming the songs which are actually

the songs which are actually sung by Jane Froman.

There are literally dozens of songs in Miss Froman's repertoire, and they include the cream of songs by Gershwin and by Rodgers and Hart, as well as popular numbers of quite a long time ago.

The screenplay behind "With a Song in My Heart" strikes a note of frankness that

is unusual in this sort of musical entertainment

Jane's marriage to semi-suc-cessful song-writer Don Ross (David Wayne) at the height of her theatrical success and her eventual estrangement from her rather petty bushand is straightforwardly told.

Seriously injured in a plane crash in the Tagus River, in Portugal, while en route to sing for servicemen in 1943, Jane makes a courageous comeback after years of heartbreak and pain, and finds happiness with airline pilot John Byrne (Rory Calhoun).

Sugar-coating — particularly in sequences to which service-men have been introduced— has been applied with a heavy hand, but nurse Thelma Ritter is occasionally on hand to save the situation with tough but human commentaries

In Sydney-Regent.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—* "Deep Valley," drama, starring Dane Clark, Ida Lupino, Wayne Morris, Plus "Navy Blues," comedy, starring Ann Sheridan, Jack Oakie. (Both re-

CENTURY.—** "Phone Call From A Stranger," drama, starring Gary Merrill, Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn, Bette Davis. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—"The Body Snatcher," thriller, starring Boris Karloff, Plus "The Brighton Strangler," thriller, star-ring John Loder, June Duprez. (Both re-releases.)

ring John Loder, June Duprez. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—* "Mr. Denning Drives North," drama, starring John Mills, Phyllis Calvert. Plus * "Honeymoon Deferred," comedy, starring Kieroa Moore.

LIBERTY.—* "Ivanhoe," technicolor romantic drama, starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—** "Magnificent Obsession," drama, starring Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor. Plus "The Dark Mirror," drama, starring Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—* "The Las Vegas Story," mystery drama, starring Jane Russell, Victor Mature. Plus * "Eye Witness," mystery, starring Robert Montgomery, PALACE.—"A Girl In Every Port," comedy-farce, starring Groucho Marx, William Bendix, Marie Wilson. Plus "The Big Night," mystery, starring John Barrymore,

PLAZA....★★ "Viva Zapata," drama of Mexican revolu-tion, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Peters. Plus featur-

REGENT.—*** "With a Song In My Heart," techni-color biographical-musical, starring Susan Hayward, David Wayne, Rory Calhoun. (See review this page.)

Plus featurettes.
SAVOY.—** "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus

ST. JAMES.—* "Vanhoe," technicolor romantic drama, starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders, Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—**** The Third Man," drama, starring Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Valli, Plus "Girl In A Million," comedy, starring Hugh Williams. (Both repleases.)

victions.* "The Strange Door," period thriller, star-ring Charles Laughton, Boris Karloff, Sally Forrest, Plus * "The Cimarron Kid," technicolor Western, star-ring Audie Murphy, Yvette Dugay.

Films not yet reviewed

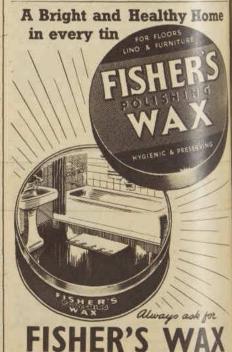
ESQUIRE.—"Lady Possessed," psychological drama, star-ring James Mason, June Havoc, Stephen Dunne. Plus "When Willie Comes Marching Home," comedy, star-ring Dan Dailey, Colleen Townsend. (Re-release.) LYCEUM.—"Comin' Round the Mountain," co-nedy, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Dorothy Shay. Plus "Bright Victory," drama, starring Arthur Kennedy, Progrey Dor.

"Bright Victory, usans, Peggy Dow.

PARK.—"Japanese War Bride," drama, starring Shirley Yamaguchi, Don Taylor. Plus "Dangerous Years," social drama, starring Ann Todd, Scotty Beckett. (Re-

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Detective Story," mystery drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker. Plus featur-





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are endless numbers of delicious dishes that can be prepared in Pyrex. This book contains a rollection of some of the most intriguing. These gems are a selection from the most successful local and overwas recipes recently tested. Each one is illustrated in full, natural colour. Before you begin to prepare

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dirt along with the aurplus water ... while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottom, lineris, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

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single girls.
To-day it is not so often
asked because more and yet
more girls know that the

more girls know that the answer is yes!

Here are the facts: A re-cent American national survey of 900 leading gynaecologists and ob-stetricians indicates that medical specialists over-whelmingly find Meds safe for normal women Medical

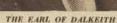
with the need for sanitary belts. Chafing, uncoinfort-able bulk and a revealing line are all eliminated. You, too, can have the new freedom, the self-assurance, the poise that only Meds can give. "Next time" try Meds. In foct, boy a packet now and be ready! Don't deorive yourself of

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Earl to marry soon







the cleanser-wringer Engagement celebrated Scottish castle

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Shortly after the announcement of her engagement to the Earl of Dalkeith, Miss Jane McNeill left for the opening of the grouse-shooting season at Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, on August

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch always entertain there at this time, and most of the family assemble for the shooting.

THIS year the future duchess is among the guests.

Round-faced, with silky ash-blonde hair falling over her left brow, deep green eyes, and a trim figure, Jane McNeill is one of the social beauties who have modelled for London's top fashion houses, including Hartnell's

Jane, like her fiance, is a friend of Princess Margaret, and was often a member of her party, is quiet and serious-minded, and her social en-gagements never prevented her from pursuing her career.

Last year she decided to make a change from the frothy, life of the gown salons, and took a secretarial course.

The day the Earl proposed, Jane but through an important call to Hongkong to her father, John McNeill, Q.C., who has his legal practice there.

Jane and her mother spent months visiting father this year.

Like many top models she dresses simply but in perfect taste.

On the first day she slipped On the first day she dipped on her huge solitaire engage-ment ring she wore a demure organdie blouse with a Peter Pan collar, neat white car-digan, and fitted grey flannel skirt when she received callers at her mother's flat.

Scores of people called, including society journalists and photographers, the telepho rang continuously, and mail was delivered in piles.

cleuch, showed then that she has the poise and composure that fit her to be the eventual chatelaine of six stately homes.

"Neither of us wants a long engagement," she said with a shy smile.

"We hope to marry within the year, certainly before the Coronation, and possibly be-fore Christmas.

"That's what we shall plan at Drumlanrig.
"We both like the same

things music, riding, and country life, especially Scot-tish country life."

With an eye on her trous-seau, she talked about clothes. "I like simple rather than pretry things.

"Grey is my favorite for town wear, but for evenings I like black. Nothing fancy for accessories—plain court

"I shan't choose stiff materials. I much prefer the softer fabrics, except for suits for London, of course."

Even then, Jane McNeill likes the idea of dressmaker suits rather than the severely classic tailored kind.

"As for hats, I still like to wear large ones, even in a season when they have never been smaller," Min McNeill said. "I am bound to sneak one or

It is likely that the Earl and his bride will make their home at Bowhill, a lovely old mansion on the Scottish border, where Dalkeith has been busy developing plantations and supervising work on the

When the news of their en-

gagement finally broke this week Jane had to confess she didn't know exactly where he

"He's travelling about in Scotland, but I don't know where he is at the moment, she said.

Announcement of the engagement was delayed because of the death of Dalkeith's great-uncle, Lord Francis Scott.

Jane's solitaire diamond ring is part of an heirloom of the Buccleuch family. The stone is in a modern platinum setting.

She met the Earl three years go at a Border Hunt Ball house-party.

Dalkeith's full name is Walter Francis John Montagu-Douglas-Scott, but he is Johnnie to his friends.

He is a godson of Queen Mary and a descendant of the Stuarts.

He was educated at Eton and Oxford, but during the war joined the Royal Navy below decks and ended up as lieutenant in a submarine chasing frigate.

Since the war Dalkeith has been busy learning the man-agement of his huge family

His father the Duke of Buccleuch owns half a million acres in seven counties.

They have six homes, as well as a fashionable town house in Grosvenor Square.

The most famous castle is Drumlanrig, with its wonderful grouse moors.

It was built in the fifteenth century by Dalkeith's ancestor the Duke of Queensberry, who was so horrsfied when he heard how much it cost that spent only one night there and never returned.

The chief English property of the Buccleuch family is Kettering, in Northampton-

This is a mansion built in 18th century French style, with avenues more than 70 miles long and more than 100 acres of garden laid out in the style of the gardens at Ver-sailles and Fontainebleau.

The wedding is likely to be the most brilliant since the







The first dalp of Service with t neomote circulation

deed equipment is YOUR home teady to get



STOPPED-UP SYSTEMS-GENTLY RELIEVED!



BEGINNER'S LUCK. Dick Cobden helps ski instruct-ress Sasha Nekwapil to rescue one of her pupils, John Parker, from a waterhole at Kosciusko.



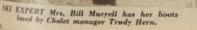
DOG TEAM. University student Pattie-Ann Beirshank learns to ski with the help of Brian Davidson and two husky dogs.

THE ski season at Mt. Kosciusko is in full ski season at Mt. Kosciusko is in full swing and good falls of snow have made conditions ideal. Sydney Ski Club's cham-pionships were held this week. The New South Wales championships will be held from September 20 to 27. The Australian championships are now being held at Mt. Buller, Victoria.



LOADING UP. Bing and Judy Whitelore put their skis on to the snowmobile. Pictures by D. Baglin.







VIVACIOUS Mrs. Bill Shmith, of Melbourne, formerly Elaine Blanshard, of Brisbane, boards the ski-lift to take her to Pulpit Rock.



HAPPY GROUP. Mrs. Vernon Hart (left), Mrs. Neville Palmer, Pauline Johnston, and Bill Hewitt near the Chalet.

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III Australian Women's Weekly - August 20, 1952



Noted scientists here for conference

They see stars and bounce radio waves off the sun

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

The man in the street might lose his head about a "flying geer," but radio scientists meeting in Sydney bounce radio aves off the sun and stars and track down winds and waves le above the earth as part of their routine work.

These scientists are delegates to the tenth general assembly of la International Scientific Radio Union, which is meeting here as a bute to the brilliant work being done by Australian radio scientists.

then applying similar minues to research into occuliar things that on in the universe.

enter of outer space to

by were very keen to talk a their work, but not

Taking great pains and ar terms like "tropo-ing," wave propagation," dult," and "extra-terresnoises," they explained with they were doing.

They were very charming only in the state of the state of

en of them all is Sir Ed-Appleton, president of of Edinburgh Uni-

fair-haired, 60-year-Yakshireman won the Prize for Physics in

milke are more than 1947 and has a very impressive list of degrees after his name, including nine honorary degrees from world-famous universities. He will receive another while he is here during Sydney University's during Sydney Universities centenary celebrations.

But in spite of such achievements, so intimidating to the layman, Sir Edward is no "ivory tower" scientist.

There is nothing coldly academic about a man who admits a passionate fondness for cricket and stories about cricket, as Sir Edward does.

He told me that he was de-lighted to be seeing for the first time the country where the great cricketers come

"For a Yorkshireman, eric-ket is almost a religion," he said. "I started going to cric-ket matches when I was a small boy, and I've been a fan

Sir Edward has another pas-Sir Edward has another pas-time work. When his ad-ministrative duties as vice-chancellor allow, he aettles down to a little research in his own field, the ionosphere (65 miles above the earth and up-

which Sir Edward leads, is tall, energetic scientist with a ready smile and an infectious laugh who spends his working days "seeing" stars with a 220-feet radio telewith a 220-feet radio telescope, the largest in the world.

He is radio astronomer Mr. R. Hanbury Brown, a re-search fellow of Manchester University and one of the original "boffins" or backroom boys.

When I went to see Mr. Brown at his hotel, I found that in the few hours he had been in Sydney he had already been across the Bridge twice.

So that he could enjoy some Australian sunshine, we the garden of the hotel.

"We don't seem to get sun in Manchester," be said.

I asked him about his tele-

"Well," he said, realising that I wasn't the scientific type, "it's like a huge wire basket turned upside down. It catches radio waves from stars and transfers them to a pen which draws wiggly lines on a chart."

with neigh, the ionosphere (5) thillies above the earth and up-ards). This, I discovered, was "pure science." No practical In the British delegation, use has been found for the



FAMOUS SCIENTIST Sir Edward Appleton and Ludy Appleton, now visiting Australia.

results of this type of research, but, as Mr. Brown said, "It's a lot of fun discovering mys-terious things in the sky."

While he is here, Mr. Brown is going to get together with some of the Australian scientists doing the same kind of work at the C.S.I.R.O. Radiophysics Laboratory

Mr. Brown calls this work at Manchester University, where he has been for the past three years, "going back to school."

Before and during the early years of the war be was doing very hush-hush work in radar equipment for detecting bomb-ers and submarioes.

When Mr. Brown isn't working with his "wire bas-ket" he does some house decoration.

"I was married in January," he told me, "and there's a lot to be done to the house."

lier this year at Zurs, in Austria. He wanted to know all about Mt. Kosciusko. "I'd like to get there," he said.

One of the most interesting figures at the Assembly is a tall, serene-faced Dutch scien-tist, Dr. Balthasar van der Pol, who led a dangerous life during the war in the cause of science.

As chief of scientific radio research at Philips Laboratory at Eindhoven in Holland, Dr. van der Pol carried on his job, managing to satisfy the Germans as well as doing un-

"In the last month before the liberation of Holland, I could not stay in my house any more," he said. "I had to more," he said. "I had to hide on a farm because the Gestapo were after me.

"They came in at the front door and I slipped out at the back," he chuckled.

Dr. van der Pol now lives in Geneva, where he is direc-tor of the International Radio Consultative Committee

Dr. J. Howard Dellinger, from Washington, a vice-president of the Union, was in charge of radio in the National Bureau of Standards until 1948. He is now a radio con-sultant.

His travels have taken him to Europe 15 times.

His wife usually goes with him. While he attends the conferences she carries on with a little scientific research of her own — into national contumes. costumes.

She has a world-famous col-lection of dolls dressed in these costumes. She was greatly excited when I told her about two lifelike abo-riginal dolls made for her by Ken Mayfield, of the Austra-lian Museum in Sydney.

fter 25 — Beware of Dry Skin





en your Evebrous - tiny, dry lines.

Smooth Down - Circle the cream on rously, making firm, quick little circles of these your eyes to your temples.



Under your Lower Lip-little dry "puckers tighten, make your mouth look "set" and

onter. To Relax — Always at hedrime smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream in well from the centre of your lip out and up to each corner.



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"crinkles!" look.

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Drying begins to show first in the places pictured here. See how best to help correct it!

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye. From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft, smooth and pliant, starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil. But you can help offset this drying out Skin Cream.

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flong your Chin-Line you don't want that matronly-looking sagging to start To Tone Up - Use thumb and first finger and "pinch along" from point of chin to car with rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream



New rich in landin homogenised special emulsifier



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Page 31

ADSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 20, 1952







omminiming

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DRESS SENSE

by Betty-Keep

 Here are details of new silhouettes and trends from now into summer.

NEW version of the A princess silhouette is on the way in. This line clings tightly to the ribs, has a normal but not too indented waistline, no belt, and a widish skirt.

A band, darts, or tucks be-low the bosom give the princess

For this silhouette the wearer needs a flat midriff and slim hips. It is very flattering to the woman with a small bosom.

The line carried out for summer in a flowery print, Renoir in feeling, is extremely

HERE to stay — the middy silhouette. The silhouette is well worth watching, because it is so

watching, because it is so varied and interesting.

The line was born in Paris, has taken New York by storm, and looks like being a top fashion in Australia.

A middy can be a loose separate to wear with casuals. It can be interpreted as it was in Paris by Balenciaga—a lace middy over a short rather full matching skirt for P.M.

In a more moderate form it is—as illustrated on this

it is as illustrated on this page a middy blouse suit, the page a middy blouse sun, in-jacket nipped at the waist, the skirt moderately slim.

THE waist petti-1952, has a different line from last season's vintage.

The present version is made in cotton, not canvas, often deep flounced or frothed

with cotton lace.

One, two, or three petticoats can be worn to vary the full-ness of a skirt for different times and occasions.

SILHOUETTE for A jackets only is the lowbelted barrel, to be worn by the tall and slim.

A Dior inspiration and a striking line created by back gathers, plus a deep inverted pleat and a low-slung half belt. The half belt is called a martin half belt is called a martin half belt. tingale. Also new is a boxline ailhouette, both for suits and as a separate jacket.

THE casual silhouette features the sharp contrast of tapered - down

trast of tapered - down ankle-length pants. This is now standard at-home fashion for young women, worn with a long, loose middy or with a sleeve-less low-necked blouse, circled with a deep self ruffle.

MIDDY BLOUSE mil.
Sises, 32in. to 33in. bus.
Requires 49yds. 36in.
material and 15yds. 36in.
contrast. Pattern pric.
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Betty Keep, "Dress Sense,"
The Australian women's
Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O.
Sydney.

EVERY designed in Paris, London, and New York has exploited the fascia or cummerbund silhouette.

The line embrace not only the waist, but at times dipon the hips and rises up under the bosom. It means that a drea at the same time, can be wait-high and waist-low. The faces can be interpreted in chillon leather, rayon, and straw. It can be used for every type of silhouette—wide skirt, nature silhouette-wide skirt, namw skirt, and will be about at an

Furthermore, it is good renovating for last summer) wardrobe.

FOR coats the line is apt to be straighter than last year's tent, with a cot that remembers the wearer's body.

It's for the tall and sende.

The silhouette is uttely simple and is often executed in a small flower printed sil.

Another coat silhoutte—it for the young — is the coat that looks like a dress and can be worn as either. This can be worn as either. The silhouette has a tight empire waistline and a belted-out-skirt.

THIRD new coatling A is one of the most beautiful and rhythmical silhouettes of spring.

From a tiny waist, often shaped by intricate scanned

the lines stream outwards and a bell-shaped skirt. This silhouette trquites a material with "body," such a cotton gahardine or heav linen.

tashion FROCKS

1004t, and mantless. The insterial is reyon crependete includes white pasted-joink and say-bite on nightiguws, 32in, and 34in, buat, 89, 11; 36in. Postage and registration, 2:9 extra. Silv. 22in. 36in. 36in. and 38in. bout, 32.5. Postage and registration and 38in. bout, 32.5. Postage and registration, 1.7 extra. Scanties, 34ig.in, 26in, and 28in. waist, 42.7. 28in, and 28in. waist, 42.7. 28in. and 32in. waist, 24.7. 28in. and 37in. waist, 24.7. 28in. and 38in. bust, 34.6. Postage and registration, 1.6 extra. Cat Oet Ouly. Sizes, mightgown, 32in. bust, 34.6. Postage and registration, 2.9 extra. Silo, 38in. bust, 34.6. 28in. and 38in. bust, 34.6. 28in. and 38in. bust, 34.6. 28in. and 38in. bust, 37.8. 30in. and 38in. bust, 37.8. 30in. and 38in. bust, 37.8. 30in. and 38in. waist, 37.11, 30in. and 38in. Blanche

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEKLY - August 20, 1855

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Jemey face powder and tale

CREATIONS OF Richard Hudnut NEW YORK - LONDON - PARIS - SYDNEY

Page 36

Today I Found My Love

SHE was in a powder-blue dress and he thought of larkspurs. He

powder-blue dress and he thought of larkspurs. He wanted to hug her.

"Little present for you," he said. "Token of gratitude. Where shall I put it?"

She looked at him wide-eyed, obviously startled and rather uneasy. She made a gesture towards a table and said, "But you sent flowers. Hundreds. You shouldn't..."

"Why not?" Jeff said. "Got started on a big deal to-day."

Philip Hunter came from

Philip Hunter came from the kitchen into the pretty living-room at exactly that moment. He was carrying a tray with glasses and a cocktail shaker on it. He halted, his handsome brow darkening.

"You," he said. "Big deal, hey?" He repeated the phrase jealously as if only he had a right to it. He set the tray down on a table. "What are you doing here?"

you doing here?
"I came," Jeff said calmly,
"to take Julie to dinner."
Philip stared at him for an
instant. Then he turned to
Julie. "If that's true, why
didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"You just got here, Philip,"
Julie said. "I had no chance
to tell you."
He smiled unpleasantly.
"Maybe you weren't going to
tell me," he said. "My coming
an hour or so earlier than you
expected, our of immeed up expected sort of jammed up your plans, I guess. I didn't know that as soon as my back

was turned "That's not true, Philip," said, her chin up, "Jeff said he had something he wanted to talk to me about something, I think, about his business."

his business."

He nodded. "That's right,"

"Why not?" Jeff said ami-y. "She made me see how why not: jet and a see how useless it is to worry about things that may never happen and what folly it is not to be

and what folly it is not to be ready with everything you've got in case they do happen."

"Marvellous," Philip said. "And with that nugget from the little woman to strengthen you, you went out and put over a big deal. Is that it?"

"No. I didn't put over a big deal, but it gave me the nerve to try, anyway," he replied.

"For my money," Philip said, "you've got all the nerve it takes. This morning I find you having breakfast with Julie. To-night you're taking her to dinner. But that, of course, won't be necessary

now."
"But, Philip," Julic said, "I promised—"
"You promised to hear his

little thank-you piece. Well, now you've heard it. In the meantime, I've decided I can leave just as well to-morrow morning as to-night, so naturally Julie will be having din-ner with me. Don't let us keep

you any longer."

Jeff looked at Julie. She was quite pale and miserable.

"I guess," she said, "you'd better go, Jeff. I—I'm sorry." "So am I," he said.

He had a hambuger some-where. He walked in the darkening park and it smelled of spring and there were

Continued from page 10

couples strolling the paths or sitting on the benches. They all were holding hands. The all were nothing natios. The good old trap was set and he had missed getting caught by a whisker. He shuddered now to think of his barging in upon H. B. Shrewsbury.

He went to his apartment. It smelled of stale smoke. It was rigidly masculine. It was rigidly masculine. It needed flowers or something.

His telephone rang.

"Jeff," Julie said, "I love it.
But I can't hang it up because
I don't know how to put it to-

"Can't Philip---"
"He's gone. Jeff, could you

"I'm there," he said. She was very solemn as she let him in, but her cheeks were pinker than before and her eyes were not solemn at all.

"I'm sorry to bring you out at such an bour," she said, with a formality quite out of char-acter. "But Mr. Weitzner foracter. But Mr. Weitzner tor-got to send around my new clock, and if I haven't a clock I won't be able to call you on time in the morning, so I—"
"Where is it?"

He put it together. It was a small, hand-carved birdhouse of a clock with a peaked gable and porcelain numerals. started the pendulum swinging and it ticked loudly. He set the hands on the hour of two and the little door opened and a small, fairly reasonable fac-simile of a bird popped out and said "Cuckoo" twice in a

and said 'Cuckoo' twice in a shrill failsetto.

He grinned. "It's a mons-trosity but it's cute," he said. "It's adorable," Julie said. "I simply couldn't give it back, Jeff."

"I should say not," Jeff said. "Why should you?" "Philip. He hated it," Julie said. "It—it unnerved him." Jeff looked at her. "Didn't you tell him it wasn't a real bird?"

"He wouldn't listen," she said. "He just sort of raved. He said if I kept the clock he'd go away and never come back."

Jeff came a step nearer.
"But you kept it."
"Yes." She backed away.
"Sit down—tell me what happened to-day. About the big deal—"

deal—"
"Nothing. Just that I crashed in on Shrewsbury and, just as you said, the sky didn't fall. He even promised to think it over,"
"Oh, Jeff, how wonderful!"
"That's not all," he said.
"This has been quite a day,"
"Oh? Whenhar equ?"

"This has been quite a day,"
"Oh? Wh-what else?"
"I fell in love," Jeff said.
"Me, mind you. The cagiest girl-dodger in town." He was very near now. He had Julie in his arms. "Can you imagine a thing like that happening to me?"

"Why, yes," Julie said. "I planned it that way. From the minute I saw you this morning you hadn't a chance."
"You little scheming, earthy female," Jeff said. "And all the time I thought you were only a hunch of flowers."

the time I thought you were only a bunch of flowers."

They were silent then, a long time. The clock ticked to wake the dead, but Jeff didn't hear it. Chances were he wouldn't be stroubled by little things like that any more.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - August 20, 1952



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ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Cigarette cough danger Surgery for tattoo marks

THIS is John Evans are thought to be more affected speaking, doctormy wife has an appointment to see you to-day. I wonder if you would tell her not to smoke so much, and please don't tell her I rang you!"

"Right," I said "I won't tell tales."

I smiled and wished I could remember how often similar requests had been made to me in the past year.

When Mrs. Evans came into the surgery she stubbed out her cigarette on the ash-tray and said: "I am quite well except that I have catarrh, and this cold has lasted for at least two months. John insisted that I come to see you.

"Of course, he says I smoke too much, just because I in-

"And how many cigarettes have you smoked to-day, Mrs. Evans?"

Evans?"
"I generally get through about a large packet a day, doctor, but I wish you'd speak to John. He smokes at least two packets a day."
"FII have a word with him," I promised. "At the ordinary rate of smoking, forty cigarettes a day would mean he was smoking a forty-hour week. smoking a forty-hour week away. But it is nice for me to know that my patients can afford these luxuries, even if

I do cut you off them.
"However, we had better look at your nose and chest

Having examined her and found nothing abnormal, I told her that she must still have an

X-ray.

"You don't think I am tuberculous, do you, doctor?"

"I have no reason to think so, Mrs. Evans."

"Then I suppose you're worrying about cancer of the lung. If you are, don't worry any more. I feel I should prefer to have it rather than to give up smoking."

to have it rather than to give up smoking."
"Why, Mrs. Evans," I said, "you remind me of the Ameri-can who was so upset at read-ing in a journal about the re-lation between cancer of the lung and smoking that he de-cided to give up reading.

cided to give up reading.
"All joking aside, you must have your X-ray. Smoker's cough is a bad diagnosis which covers a multitude of sins, and every smoker who develops a cough should be X-rayed, and, even if nothing is found, cut his or her smoking to a minimum.

A survey in England and Wales in the late 'forties showed that the number of deaths from cancer of the lung was fifteen times greater than had been twenty-five years before

Of course, this figure may have been partly due to im-proved diagnosis, but it was thought that the greatest single factor was increase in tobaccosmoking, and cigarette smokers

than pipe smokers.

The inhaling of the smoke does not seem to have any bearing on the disease.

At the present time the feel-

ling is that it may not be the beloved weed in itself which is the causal agent, but per haps some substance with which the tobacco is sprayed

It has been suggested that arsenic may be at fault, as for the past few decades the tobacco crops have been sprayed with arsenic to pro-

tect them from disease. We do know that every case of obstinate bronchitis or resof obstinate oronchitis or res-piratory infection occurring in middle-aged people should be X-rayed. It is surprising in these days to find that patients may have had a persistent cough for years. They may even have had a small haemorrhage or give a history of poor health following a pre-vious attack, yet they neg-lect to seek advice until too

TIMOTHY JONES called to see me yesterday. He was worried because he had been tatooed when he was in the Navy.

It seemed harmless then, he said, "but I'm not keen on the look of it now."

He pulled up his left sleeve and showed me a design of crossed flags.
"I don't know what made

me allow it—quite apart from paying for it!" he said. "I must have been mad."

The marks were mostly in-digo and vermilion, both very

permanent dyes.

"Someone suggested electrolysis," said Timothy.
"I should not advise that," I said. "This is quite different from electrolysis for removal of hair.

"In that case it is not very painful, and the result is nearly always excellent. But in this type of thing the pignent is so deep and the particles so close together that electrolysis is both a painful and slow method. It often results also in serious

scarring.
"I should advise you to have "I should advise you to have the tattoo marks completely cut out. You should see a plastic surgeon, who would probably consider this a simple job."

Attempts to remove tattoo-ing have been made since the days of ancient Rome, when slaves were tattooed by their owners to assist in their recap-

ture should they escape.

In later days many a criminal has been identified and convicted because he had been

tattooed in his youth.
Often, as in the case of
Timothy Jones, removal of the
marks is required for aesthetic

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living per-son. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.



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For Bath or Shower

get the

Big Luxurious

Bath Size Palmolive PALMOLIV ZLINTER was not troubled by the injuries; his long experience in the medical service of the German Army had accustomed him to frontline casualties in Russia and in Normandy. It was the lack of stores that worried him most; there was no blood plasma, and no equipment for transfusion, and no dressing station.

Still, be had worked and saved men's lives with less than he had now. What a clumsy fool that bulldozer driver must have been!

Jennifer sat silent between

he had now. What a cumby food that bulldozer driver must have been! Jennifer sat silent between the men as the utility sped up the hill. She was somewhat at a lost, only half understanding what was going on. The tall, dark foreigner beside her had had medical experience, though he was not a doctor, apparently he was a lumberman, for he was dressed like one, yet in this emerkency Joe, and even the manager, seemed to defer to him.

She did not clearly understand what it was that had happened in the forest and nobody had enlightened her, indeed, perhaps Joe was the only one who really understoed the accident, and he was inarticulate.

They passed the road gang and rached the track that led down off the road. Jack Doman headed down this in low gear, lurching down between the trees. Directed by Joe, they turned presently and traversed the hillaide to the right and came out into a sloping open apace where all the timber had been felled.

Down at the souton of this sloping space, upon the edge of the sloping space and the sloping space and the sloping space and the sloping space and the slo

been felled.

Down at the bottom of this sloping space, upon the edge of the unfelled forest, there was a bulldezer lving on its side and forepart, lying across a log about two feet in diameter. Two more tree-trunks lay above the bulldozer, one caught upon the spade, the other poised in the air above it, perilously, apparently about to fall.

There were men with ropes

There were men with ropes working carefully around this game of spillikins, attempting to guy back the log poised in mid-air.

"My word," Jack Dorman breathed, "you wouldn't think a buildozer could get like that

The girl from London sat silent. These things were out-side all her experience. Dorman drove slowly for-ward till his was was barred by scrub and timber; then he stopped, and the dark foreigner got out and made his way quickly to the accident.

quickly to the accident.

He was wearing solled khaki drill trousers and a grey cotton shirt open at the neck; his arms were bare to the elbow and very tanned, yet he had unmistakably the air of a doctor. Dorman followed after him with Joe, and the girl came along behind them, uncertain what she was going to see.

She saw a man ninned be-

she was going to see.

She saw a man pinned beneath the buildozer by one leg bent below the knee in an unnatural attitude; he lay upon the ground beneath the log that rested one end on the buildozer apade most insecurely.

His face was badly lacerated on one side, and there was blood congealed upon the coat that had been thrust as a pillow beneath his head. He was conscious, and the eyes looked un with recognition at Carl Zlinter.

The lips moved. "Good old

The Far

Splinter," he muttered. "Better than all the doctors. Get me out of this."

The dark man dropped down on his knest beside him.

"Lie very quiet now," he said. "I am giving an injection which will make you sleep. Lie very quiet now, and sleep."

He opened his case, fitted up the hypodermic with quiek, accurate movements, sterilised it with alcohol, broke the neck of a capsule and filled it, and sterilised the forearm of the main upon the ground, all in about hirty seconds.

"Lie very quiet now and go to sleep," he repeated softly. "Everything now will be all right. When you wake up you will be in bed in huspital."

The man's lips moved. "Good old Splinter. Good old.

Carl Zlinter got up from beside the reas and crossed to the

old Splinter. Good old ..."

Carl Zlinter got up from beside the man and crossed to the other casualty. Men parted as he came, and Jennifer saw lying on the ground the second man. He lay upon his face, or nearly so, apparently unconscious. Great gaping wounds were on his scalp, the fair hair matted with blood. Jennifer bit her lip; she must not show fear or horror before these men. "We didn't like to move him till you came, Splinter," said somebody. "We reckoored it was best to leave him as he was."

DROPPING down on his knees beside the casualty, Zlinter began preparing his injection. Gently he bared an arm and sterilised it and thrust the needle in it. He withdrew it and sat back on his heels, his fingers on the pulse, studying the patient.

Presently he got to his feet "We will need stretchers," he said. "Two bed-frames, each with a mattress. I will not wait for the ambulance. Mr. Dorman, please. Will you fetch bed-frames and mattresses for us in the utility?"

"Sure. One of you chaps

man, pease. Will you chaps bed-frames and mattresses for us in the utility?"

"Sure. One of you chaps come along with me 'n show me where to go."

The utility went off up the cleared glade, and Jennifer was left with the lumbermen and the casualties. The dark foreigner went back to the first man with the trapped foot and dropped on one knee beside him; gently he lifted one cyclid and felt the wrist. He bent to an examination of the leg beneath the buildozer.

"Is it possible to lift this thing?" he asked.

"It's a crook job," one mansid. "We got to take the top stick out backwards first, 'n when we get the weight from off the butt of this one it'll roll off on the top of him. We got to shore up this one first, rig a sheerlegs 'n tackle. It's a long job, Splinter, 'n the stick'll roll off on him if we don't watch out."

"How long will it take?"

The man said, "It'll be dark by eight. If we can get the stuff up here, 'n lamps and that, we might set the dozer shifted about midnight."

"Can you safely move these sticks, working in the dark, so that there can be no further accident for him?"

Country

Continued from page 5

got to get him of ter. But it's a c ing in the dark do it in the day.

do it in the day.

The dark mad silence for a mindie, stood round him was lead, and Jenoifer oc the trust they had in "I do not think can save the foot, in he said. "It is practical now. If we should dozer by midnight and out of it, the lear must off in hospital. I thin now is too great to maticks, for nothing to but to risk injuring his He paused, then e.

He paused, it think it will be a the leg off now to the hospital for the message out if the doctor

There was a silence. Carl Zlinter

After a time, there water, wat billy? There is a in one of the carr In one of the carries—ure a And a clean piece of clean lint from the blue square pi age in the big carton. See body with very clean im open it and give me a piece lint."

and a man found the pad of lint. He glanted at hair and then at Jennifer.

"You do it," he got cleaner hands us here."

She tore open the wripin and bared the lint. See a to the dark man. "Do you se disinfectant in the water" "Please. The bog blue bei just a little. About one is spoonful."

She took the bowl and a lint to him; he dipped hi has in the solution and wped in with the lint, then three the

Jennifer got him more and disinfectant while the and disinfectant while the stood round them in a or watching, and he began to carefully to wipe the drift the wounds on the match in "Scissors,' he said," his leather case, the middle of the three pairs. And the ceps also. Put them a water in the boot!"

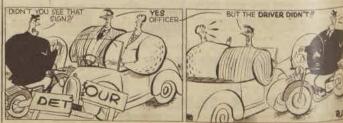
She brought them in him stood with the men wars as he worked. The glady very still; the ann was not towards the mountain as was not now so het ar at

The air was fragrant with odor of the xum-trees from far away a faint win the forest fire acrated the In the distance a white it was a remarking in the control of the cont

Zlinter worke knees, oblivious Jennifer stood w Jennifer stood with in men looking down up he worked. It was for her not to share fidence; with every the man showed that exactly what he was

Please turn to page

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



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The Far Country

PRESENTLY there was a faint noise on the road above them. A man by Jennifer raised his head.

"Truck coming down," he said. "That'll be Mr Forrest come to say about the ambu-

come to say about the ambulance."

They listened to the approaching truck till it emerged into the glade and stopped near the wrecked bull-dozer. The manager got out and came to them, and Zlinter got to his feet and went to meet them. The men crowded round, Jennifer with them.

"There's no ambulance, Zlinter," he said. "It's gone to Woods Point with the doctor for an appendicitis case. They don't know if it's coming back to-night or not."

One of the men said, disgustedly, "No doctor, cither?"

"No doctor," said Jim Forrest. "T'm sorry, cobber, but that's the way it is."

"Aw, look, said one, "we've got a doctor. Old Splinter, he's a doctor, sin't he?"

"What about it, Zlinter mid. This man, I think we should take off the foot and take him into hospital, not to leave him here for hours while we lift the dozer."

here for hours while we lift the dozer."

The manager pulled him to one side, but Zlinter said, "It is all right, he cannot hear. He is now well doped. We cannot save the foot in any case, and we must try now to control the shock, or he will die. If he is left here for many hours I think he will die."

"Take the foot off now and get him out of it?"

"That is the right thing to do. He must be in a warm bed soon, with many blankets and hot bottles; he is already very told. I think that he is very bad, that one. I do not think that he has been a healthy man; perhaps he drinks too much."

"What about the other one?"

They crossed to the man with the fractured skull.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21):

on August 22.
VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Grind the old self-starter on August 18—you're going places, although the road could be rough. By August 21-22 you'll report exhilarating progress.

Continued from page 38

"This one." Zlinter said, "he seems more badly, but I do not think so. His skull is broken in three places, but he is a healthy man and there is yet no damage that is not repairable.

"With him, it will be neces-sary to move him very carefully to where he can be operated on, to lift the pressure of the bones upon the brain. If we can so arrange that he is dealt with quickly, then I think he will have a good chance to recover and be well."

Jim Forrest bit his lip. "Have you done operations of that sort, Zlinter?"

sort, Zlinter?"
"I have done such operations many times," the man said.
"But not since the war ended."
"Where did you do them?"
"In the war with Russia," the man said. "I was surgeon in the army. In France, also. Many times I have done emergency trephine. The danger will lie in moving him to where an operation can be done. I could not do that here."

The manager trood in silence.

The manager stood in silence for a minute. "Jack Dorman will be back in a few minuter," he said at last. "He's bringing bed-frames and mattresses. They'll ride softer in that utility than in the truck."

than in the truck."

He walked a little way away from the men, deep in thought. He knew that he was in a delicate position here. Zinter had no qualifications as a doctor in the State of Victoria, but he was probably competent to do a trephine operation, and it seemed logical that he should be allowed to do it.

Indeed, he was the only men.

be allowed to do it.

Indeed, he was the only man within reach who could attempt it; without his ministrations the man might well die. The obvious place to do the operation was in Banbury Hospital, but would the matron agree to a lumberman who claimed to be an unregistered practitioner doing such an operation in her hospital?

Please turn to page 40

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Young and old Librans need partners to bring off triumphs, social or sporting, on August 16. Celebrations and good times are featured on August 22.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Come out into the open on August 18. Make your bid now or you'll be lost in the shuffle. If August 20 is a pain in the neck, keep going.

going. SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Hopes should be rising on August 17. If you put all your eggs in one basket, watch the basket. It might get a jolt on August 20.

watch the basket. It might get a jolt on August 20.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Maybe you think August 16 is treating you badly, yet disappointment should whet your appetite for a better run on August 19, when you're in the money.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If you're in love, August 17 could be right out of this world. If you're in a social club, August 22 is a thrill.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): If August 17 is an endurance test through attempting more than you can handle, relate on August 19 with the help of good news; it's fine also for those in the Services.

IThe Australian Wemen's Weehly presents this autrolugical diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsever for the statements contained in 11.]



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The Far Country

COING back to Zlinter, the manager said:
"What will you do, Zlinter? Will you take them into Banbury? What's the best thing to do?"
"Will it."

Will the doctor come to

bury? What's the best thing to do?"
"Will the doctor come to Banbury to-night?"
"He's operating at Woods Point on the appendicitis case this evening. If he comes back it will be very late. We can get him on the telephone at the hotel at about six o'clock."
"He will not be back at Banbury before ten or eleven?"
"I don't think so."
Carl Zlinter stood in silence for a minute. He was very well aware of his position, if he operated on this fractured skull and the man died there would be trouble and he might end up in prison, a bad start to his new life in Australia.
"I will take off the foot of the man at the dozer now," he said at last. "We cannot save that foot. For the other one, we must take him very carefully down to Lamirra as he is, and you must telephone susin from there. I will decide then what is best to do."
"Okay, Zlinter. What help do you want?"
"Somebody who knows, to hand me things from the case and to keep clean and sterile as nossible. The young lady was good just now." He looked round and saw Jennifer standing a little saide.
"Please," he said. "Come here." She came towards him."
"I am going to take off that man's foot," he said. "Have you ever seen an operation?"
She shook her head. "Never."
He looked her in the eyes. "Would you be afraid to help me? If you cannot do it you must say so now. Can you belp this man and not faint or do any foolish thine?"

me? If you cannot do it you must say so now. Can you belp this man and not faint or do any fooliah thing?"
"I shouldn't faint," she replied. "I might do something stupid, because I've never done anything like this before. But I'll do my best."

He woile at her and the way.

anything like this before. But I'll do my best."

He smiled at her and she was suddenly confident.
He took her to the utility and began rummaging through his cartons for the dishes and appliances that he would need.

"Now come with me," he said.

Now come with me," he said.

Jennifer became oblivious of the men who steed around and watched them. Her whole attention became concentrated on the job she had to do and on this foreigner in dirty clothes who wielded so much power.

The professional detachment of the doctor communicated itself to her, as he intended that it should, and robbed the business of all horror.

He took the leg off about eight inches below the kneewith a local anaesthetic. When the operation was completed Carl Zinter sat back on his heels. "So," he said. "Now we must get him to the utility. The mattress, please. Bring it and lay it down here.

He got to his feet and Jennifer got un stiffly with him from her knees, she felt exhausted, drained of all energy. She was surprised to see Jack Dorman there among the men and to see the utility parked insmediately behind the buildozer; she had not seen or heard it arrive. "Where will they put the mattress, Splinter?" somebody asked.

"Here, Lay it down here.

"Here. Lay it down here, like this," Zlinter replied. Iconifer turned towards the utility, and Jack Dorman was

atility, and Jack Dorman was there.
"Good show, Jenny," he said with genuine respect. "How're you feeling? Get into the car and sit a bit."
"I'm all right," she said. "It takes it out of you, though." She got into the car and sat with the door open.

Under the direction of the Czech the men lifted the unconscious man carefully on to the matteress and carried it to

Continued from page 39

the utility and laid it carefully in the back, assisted by Jask Dorman and the manager.

Jennifer got out while this was going on and stood and waithed, but there was nothing she could do to help.

Clarl Zilniter came to her by the car. "We have now to put the other man on the mattress," he said. "Do you feel able to help me? It is more delicate, because of the head injuries." "Of course," she said.

She crossed with him to the other man while the mattress was brought and laid adjacent to him. They knelt down while Zlinter carefully examined the head again, and felt the pulse, and tested the degree of unconsciousness. He made her fetch a triangular bandage and he raised the injured head while she slipped the bandage beneath it.

Then very carefully they

Then very carefully they manoeuvred the rubber sheet beneath the body and head, Zlinter and Forrest lifting each

Zlinter and Forrest lifting each part an inch or so from the ground while the girl slipped the sheet under, straightening the folds as she progressed. In ten minutes the man was lying on the sheet.

With three men lifting the sheet on each side of the body and Zlinter tending the head at the same time, they slipped the mattress under and carried it to the utility and laid it in the back beside the other. Then they were ready to go.

got into the utility with Zliniter and Jennifer: Forrest followed on behind them with the truck full of men.

Zlinter said, after they had driven in silence for a long time, "Please, Mr. Dorman. This young lady that has been of so great help—I do not know her name. Will you make an introduction, please?"

Dorman said, "Why — ure. Jennifer Morton, my wife's niece or something."

The girl hughed, "Jennifer's the name," she said, "Jennifer Morton, my wife's niece or something."

The girl hughed, "Jennifer's the name," she said, "Jennifer's the name," she said, "Jennifer's the name," she said, "Jennifer's the observed, "Your name isn's really Splinter, is it?"

"Zlinter," he said, "Carl Zlinter, Miss Jennifer." He achieved as near to a bow as he could manage in the cab of the tuility. "They call me Splinter when it is not something nuder. I am from 'Czechoslovakia, You are Australian, of course?" "I'm nothing of the sort, the girl said. "The a Pommie, from London, Tve only been in the country a few days."

"So? A few days only? I have been here for fifteen months."

"Do you like it?"

He nodded, "It is ver' beautiful, almost like my own country, in Bohemia, in the momentains. I would rather live there, in my own country, but I do not like Communists. If I may not live there, then I would rather live here, in my own country, and the working in the trees."

The utility energed on to the made Jack Dorman stop the car and he got out to inspect his natients.

and he got out to inspect his patients.

What he saw was evidently not very antisfactory, because he got up on to the mattresses and crouched over the man with the fractured skull. He got down presently on to the road and came to the window at the driver's side.

"I will ride in the hack," he said. "The motion is not good, but if I kneel down there I can keep the head still, I think, Go very, very carefully. Very slow."

Please turn to head 40.

Please turn to page 49





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SHAKESPEARE MEAD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY

believely furniture deserves an appropriate setting. Joan Martin, answering a reader's question, shows how by blending colors and fabries an ordinary room can become the perfect background for treasured pieces.

By JOAN MARTIN

WE have some lovely old mahogany dining-room furniture which I feel is worthy of a beautiint setting. We intend doing up the room and I am writing to ask if you will suggest a good color whenc. At present the walls and condownth are cream.

The chair seats are upholstered and need re-covering, Could you advise what material to use?

we what material to use?
We also have a very large oldishinged dinner service—white with a faral design. As I can't use it all I thought some of it might be shown as selves in the dining-room. What do you think!

The beautiful reeddish-brown of managany looks its best against a colored background. Though there are many colors that look will in a dining-room—blues, greys, and vellows—I have chosen green, braues it is a color that never fails to please. "When in doubt play tungs it a well-known adage among bridge players. "When in could use green" should be equally well among to those who are furnishing.

Provided the toning is soft, there are no shades of green from palest to the darkest bottle that cannot look sell in any room, and against humans, fabrics, and flower stangeness are seen to their best shortness.

To display your china I suggest to ball in corner cupboards—lined with deep carnation-pink—against shelt white stands out most attractively.

They corner cupboards, so useful be many purposes, are a graceful slifting to any room, and can be intalled most reasonably, particularly if some type of pressed wood burn's most.

Although I have shown close awring on the chairs, it is often a letter idea to have them slip moved. Slip-covers can be taken



RENOVATING THE DINING-ROOM

off and washed or cleaned—an obvious advantage in a room that is used consistently.

consistently.

If the pink-and-white striped material does not appeal to you there are countless alternatives. Floral linen or figured brocade would look equally well, and a plain pink linen, quilted and edged with white bobble fringe, would look charming.

I LIKE to serve meals out of doors during summer. I use a wooden table and chairs painted pale yellow, with blue-and-white gingham cushions on the chairs.

cushions on the chairs.

I want to make some tablecloths that would look attractive—not

necessarily of the matching gingham.

Go to the furnishing fabrics section of any store for materials that would be wide enough to use as tablecloths. There are numerous floral cottons that would be charm-

of course, white or pale vellow linen hordered with blur-and-white gingham would look most attractive.

If you don't want to use gingham, a blue-and-white spotted cotton border would be pretty.

Just tack the border on and have it machine hemstitched. It will save a lot of work and give a professional force.



Treating a wall-shelf

WE have a very comfortable but old fashioned country home, and I want to make the rooms as attractive as possible. High on our loungeroom wall we have a narrow shelf on which I keep ornaments, etc.

Although it is out of date, we cannot afford to remove it, as that would mean making good the wall and repainting.

Is there something I can do to make it less noticeable?

Instead of concealing the shelf, make it a feature of the room.

The illustration will show you that

The illustration will show you that with the addition of a small wooden valance, tacked to the shelf and painted the wall color, and a gathered material flounce you can still use it for your treasured ornaments confident that it looks attractive.

It is not necessary to have the material match your existing currains or chair covers, but naturally you will want to choose colors that blend happily with whatever you have

If you have floral linen covers, for instance, it would be quite in order to use a plaid for the flounce—or you may prefer to use a plain material, choosing whatever color predominates in the floral.

The wooden valance should be within the capabilities of most home carpenters.



Smart contrast

OUR house is brick, painted white, and the woodwork is green, but I would like something smart as a contrasting color for the front door.

The door is a nice solid one with inset panels and opens into the hall, which is painted white, with green carpet on the floor.

Pink, yellow, lime-green, or coral-red would look equally well with your white-and-green color scheme.

However, I am illustrating a door painted in flat black, with the moulding of the panels picked out in white. This would be most unusual, and the

combination is one I like very much.

In decoration black must be used with the utmost discretion, but it can achieve most strikingly successful effects.

If you feel that it is a little too sophisticated, I include patches of the other colors which you may prefer.

Any one of these colors will blend attractively with both the exterior of your house and the hallway.

Im Australian Women's Weekly - August 20, 1952

Pone 4

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Abbreviations: Ch., chain; ir, treble; sp., space; Mork

LEFT HAND

Commence with 110 ch., 1

Is Row: 4 ch., miss I ch., a into next ch., 1 ch., and ch., 1 ch., and ch., 1 ch., and ch., a

and Rows 4 ch, 1 tr. into est 1 ch, sp. * 1 ch., 1 tr. m next 1 ch sp. Rep. from s more, 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 1 tr. into next sp. w made), ich, i tr. into at up, i ch, i tr., i ch, and ir into pext sp. (another is made. " i ch, i tr. into set up. Rep. from last " 27 set more, i ch., i si-st. into

ind Row: 1 sl-st. into first t ch, 1 tr. into next sp., *
h 1 tr. into next sp. Rep.
m*, ending with 1 d.c. into

th Rows I ch., 1 tr. into first 1 tr. into next * 1 ch. 1 t Rep. from ne, 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 ch., and m into next sp. (1 ch., 1 cr. m next sp.) 3 times, 1 ch., 1 1 ch., and 1 tr. into next * 1 ch. 1 tr. into next Rep. from last * 27 times more, 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 6

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 6 times more, then 3rd row once more, having 2 more sps. be-tween inc. after each rep. 18th Row: 4 ch., 1 tr. into first sp., * 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. Rep. from * 21 times more, 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into next sp., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 18 times, 5 ch., 1 tr. into 1 ch. sp. of last in-crease made. crease made.

THUMB

1st Row: * 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. Rep. from * 17 times more, 1 ch., 1 tr. into first of 5 ch., (1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.) twice. Now work in continuous rows of 1 ch. sps. until 13 rows in all

ve been worked for thumb. Next Row: 1 tr. into each

1 ch. sp.
1 ch. sp.
Next Row: * 1 tr. into next
tr., dec. 1 st. (to decrease,
thread over hook, insert hook
into next tr., and pull thread
through, insert hook into next and pull thread through, thread over and pull through 3

thread over and pull through 3 loops on hook, thread over and pull through rem. 2 loops). Rep. from * to end of row. . Next Row: 1 d.c. into each tr., ending with 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off, leaving sufficient thread to close opening and darn away end.

Join thread in first tr. of last inc. on hand, 2 ch., 1 tr. over tr. of row-end of thumb (1 ch., 1 tr. into same ch. as tr. of thumb) 3 times, 1 ch., 1 tr. over tr. of next row-end, 1 ch., 1 tr. into same place as tr. of

row-end, * 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. Rep. from * to end of row, join as before. Cont. working 1 ch. sps. for 11 rows. Next Row: 4 ch., 1 tr. into first sp., * 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. Rep. from * 35 times more, 3 ch., 1 tr. into 19th sp. from beginning of row.

FIRST FINGER

FIRST FINGER

Ist Row: *| ch., I tr. into
next sp. Rep. from * 17 times
more, I ch., I tr. into first of
3 ch., I ch., miss I ch., I tr.
into next ch. Cont working I
ch. sps. until 16 rows in all
have been worked.

17th Row: * I tr. into each sp.
18th Row: * I tr. into next
tr., dec. I tr. Rep. from * to
end of row.

19th Row: 1 d.c. into each tr., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off, finish as before.

SECOND FINGER

Join thread in 19th tr. of last row of hand (counting 3 ch. as 1 tr.), 2 ch., 1 tr. over tr. of row-end of first finger, 1 ch., 1 tr. into other half of ch. between fingers, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 1 ch., 1 tr. over next row-end, 1 ch., 1 tr. not same place as this tr. (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 7 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 7 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. into 12th sp. from beg of row.

Cont. working 1 ch. sps. for 17 more rows. Finish as for first forces.

THIRD FINGER

Join thread in 12th tr. from beg, of last row of hand, 2 ch., 1 tr. over tr. of row-end of second finger, 1 ch., 1 tr. into other half of ch. between

fingers, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 1 ch., 1 tr. over next row-end, 1 ch., 1 tr. into same place as this tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 7 times, 3 ch., 1 tr. into 6th sp. from end of row. Cont. same as second finger, having 16 rows instead of 17.

LITTLE FINGER

Join thread in 6th tr. from beg. of row, 2 ch., 1 tr. over tr. of row-end of third finger, 1 ch., 1 tr. into other half of ch, between fingers, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 1 ch., 1 tr. over row-end, 1 ch., 1 tr. into same place as this tr., (1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 7

Cont. working 1 ch. sps. and join each row as before for 11 more rows. Finish as before,

Join elastic to fit wrist. Ist Row: Join thread in first of foundation ch., 2 d.c. into each sp. working over elastic, 1 nl-st. into first d.c.

2nd Row: 5 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c. (sp. made), 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c. Rep. from ", ending with 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of

5 ch. 3rd Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. (sp. over sp.), (2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr.) 4 times (4 sps. made), * 2 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr. (blk. over sp.), (2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr.) 10 times. Rep. from *, ending with 1 blk., 4 sps., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

4th Row: 3 ch., 2 tr. into first sp., 1 tr. into next tr., * 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., ! (sp. over blk.), 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks. Rep. from *, omitting 1 tr. and I bik, at end of last rep., si-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

5th Row: 5 ch., miss 2 tr., I tr. into next tr tr. into next tr. (sp. over blk.),
* 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps. Rep.
from *, omitting
2 sps. at end of
last rep., 2 ch., 1
sl-st. into 3rd of
5 ch.

ch. 6th Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 1 sp., 1 blk., * 5 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk. Rep. from *, ending with 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5

7th Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 sps., 1 blk., * 3 sps., 1 blk., 6 sps., 1 blk. Rep. from *, ending with 3 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

8th Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 3 sps., 1 blk., * 1 sp., 1 blk., 8 sps., 1 blk. Rep. from *, ending with 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of

3 ch. 9th Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 4 sps., 1 bik, * 10 sps., 1 bik. Rep. from *, ending with 4 sps., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

10th Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., work sps. to end of



ELASTIC worked in at the wrists makes the cuffs of these crocheted gloves fit neatly.

row, ending with 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch. 11th Row; 3 ch., 2 blks., * 1 sp., 4 blks. Rep. from *, ending with 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 tr. into last sp., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

of 3 ch.

12th Row: 1 d.c. into same place as last sl-st., * 3 ch., 3 tr. into same place as last d.c., miss 2 tr., 1 d.c. into each of next 4 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. into same place as last d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 4 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. into same place as last d.c., miss 2 tr., 1 d.e. into next tr. Rep. from *, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

RIGHT HAND

RIGHT HAND Work same as left hand





o Onion halves baked with a tomato glaze win this week's main prize of £5.

SMOOTH, mellow A coffee rum sauce, which is delicious served with fruit fritters, ream, blancmange, baked nutards, or waffles, wins a consolution prize.

A snory mock omelet, good for breakfast or luncheon, also with a consolution prize. The aggreed fillings are delicious and many others may be sub-

All spoor measurements are



GLAZED BAKED ONIONS

Eight medium-sized onions, 1 tablespoon butter or sub-stitute, 1 cup tomato juice (fresh or tinned), 2 tablespoons honey, I teaspoon salt, ‡ teaspoon paprika or pinch cayenne pepper, 2 bacon rashers. Peel onions, cut in halves

precious Eyes

crosswise, place in greased ovenproof dish. Combine melted butter or substitute with tomato juice, honey, salt, paprika or cayenne, pour over onions. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until onions are tender. Sprinkle with chopped bacon (rind removed), return to oven until bacon is cooked. Serve hot with chipped potatoes and garnish of parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. G. Pickstone, Dalveen, Southern Line, Qld.

COFFEE RUM SAUCE

One cup sugar, 14 cups hot strong black coffee, 2 table-spoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons cold black coffee, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 teaspoon rum rum flavoring (may be

Place sugar in heavy medium-sized saucepan. Heat slowly until melted. Stir freslowly until melted. Stir fre-quently, do not allow to burn. Stir in hot coffee, continue stirring until nearly boiling. (Melted sugar hardens when coffee is added, but melts when mixture is nearly boil-ing.) Stir in cornflour blended with cold coffee, continue stir-ring until boiling and thick-ened. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes, add butter and rum, mix well. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Partridge, c/o Mrs. H. Lock, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

GLAZED BAKED ONIONS

SAVORY MOCK OMELET One slice day-old bread lin-thick, 5 tablespoons boiling milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pep-per to taste, lox, butter or sub-

Fold in parsley, salt and pep-per. Prepare omelet pan, using half the shortening. Place

over.

Kidney and Onion Filling:
Melt loz. butter or substitute in pan, add 1 tablespoon
chopped onion and 1 sheep's

will be a popular addition to your luncheon or dinner table. They're different and delicious. See recipe.

moved) in basin, add milk, stand 10 minutes. Add egg, beat until mixture is smooth.

remaining shortening in pan, melt, pour in mixture. Cook melt, pour in mixture. Cook over gentle heat until set and browned underneath. Brown top under griller. Place on heated serving-dish, spoon filling along one side, fold

chopped onion and I sheep's kidney (previously skinned and diced). Fry until lightly brown. Add I dessertspoon flour, brown, and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add ½ cup stock, stir until boiling. Season.

Brains and Corn Filling: Mix together I set chopped cooked brains, I dessertspoon chopped cooked broon, ½ cup tinned corn, ½ cup mediumthickness white sauce. Season to taste, reheat.

son to taste, rcheat.
Consolation Prize of £1 to
Miss T. Rolfe, Leongatha,
South Gippsland, Vic.

Basic recipe No. 15

CUT-OUTS KITCHEN

BLANCMANGE

Four tablespoons cornflour, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, flavoring such as a thin strip of lemon rind, a fresh peach leaf, or any desired flavoring essence.

Blend comflour smoothly with some of the milk. Heat balance of milk with sugar and flavoring. If essence is used to flavor, it should not be added until after the mixture has boiled. When almost boiling stir in blended cornflour. ing stir in blended cornflour. Keep stirring quickly, with a wooden spoon, while mixture comes to boiling point and simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Add essence at this stage if it is to be used. Turn into mould rinsed with cold water. Allow to become quite cold, chill, and turn out of mould before serving.

VARIATIONS

Caramel Blancmange: Cook 3 or 4 tablespoons sugar with

I tablespoon water until very dark brown. Add to heated milk before blended cornflour is added, and stir until dis-solved. Use brown sugar in-stead of white to sweeten the

Chocolate: Add 2oz. melted chocolate or 1½ tablespoons blended cocoa and ½ teaspoon vanilla. If chocolate is used, add it after blancmange has cooked for 3 minutes. If cocoa is used, it must be added before the mixture boils.

Coconut: Flavor blanc-mange with both lemon rind and vanilla. Add ‡ cup desiccated coconut before turning into mould. If desired, one or two stiffly beaten egg-whites and a little coloring may also be added.

Mocha: Stir in 14 tablespoons cocoa blended smoothly with a little extra milk and 14 teaspoons coffee essence.



COOL CHANGE

Leading Sydney model, Diana Gregory, shows the latest in lingerie, the permanently-pleated nylon tricot slip.

"This new lingerie is beautiful," says Diana. "But getting out of warm street clothes to model it is a chilipbusiness. That's why I always have a cup of hot Bonox on the job. It warms me up—and keeps out colds."

Whatever your job — whether you work in-doors or out — get the Bonox habit this winter. doors or out get the Bonox habit this winter. A steaming cup of delicious Bonox pours new strength straight into your blood stream—helps keep your head above the "Bu line. Bonox is the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef — plus peptones, to pep up your appetite. Cafeterias, hotels, cafes, and milk hars all serve hot Bonox, so at home and at work, mytime, enjoy cheery, beneficial Bonox for a 1-i-64! Made by Kraft in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., 16 oz., and the specially low-priced 28 oz. bottle.





O MAKE A CAKE BAKE A CAKE BAKER'S MAN,

Deck it with tapers as quick as you can!

Dozens of kiddies are coming to tea, Dear-little Cuddles has just turned three;

Poor little girlie! We thought she'd die.

Dread croup is so prevalent in July: Watching her gasping was hard to endure

Till she had

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

EDISON MARSHALL'S LATEST SUCCESS.

VIKING

A SHAKESPEARE READ PUBLICATION

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - August 20, 1952

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See GLARE!

Page 45

PHILIPS ARGENTA -bright on the sun

TODAY'S BIGGEST-BREAKFAST BARGAIN!





Every big golden flake alive with flavour!

For deep-down goodness there isn't another breakfast cereal to touch Kellogg's Corn Flakes! So fresh and crisp they rustle out of the packet. So full of energy-goodness they keep you right on your toes 'til lunch. So luscious they melt in your mouth. And mother! Remember—only 30 seconds to serve—and no dirty pans and grillers to wash after Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Breakfast need <u>not</u> be hot to warm you

We take our fuel from energy-giving foods (chiefly carbohydrates) that are burned up in aur body. The food itself need not be hot. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are extremely rich in carbohydrates—so they give you energy and keep you warm. That's why you start the day warmer and feeling more energetic on a Kellogg's Corn Flakes breakfast.



Compare the cost per serve with other foods

Look at what you pay for meat, fish, eggs and bacon these days! See how Kellogg's Corn Flakes save you money — every morning?

* Proved by scientists

One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food



MOTHER KNOWS A BEST!

Page 46

THE Australian Women's Weekly - August 20, 1951



Made with dates

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

The natural sweetness and rich flavor of dates make them a valuable ingredient for use in puddings, tart-fillings, lunch-box loaves, cakes. cookies, and sweets.

date filling enhances the flavor and counteracts excessive sweetnot acceptable to some palates.

Note, marshmallows, ginger, bran, and mixed fruits are used with dates in the following recipes.

All spoon measurements are level.

STEAMED DATE PUDDING

Four ounces good fat, 2 cups self-raining flour, 1 teaspoon each ginger, canamon, and salt, 1 cup stale braderambs, 1 cup sugar, 11b. tuned, chopped dates, 1 egg, 1 cup mill.

Rub fat into sifted dry ingredients. Add breadcrumbs, sugar, and pre-pured dates. Mix to a firm dough

GRATED lemon rind or with beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased mould, cover with lemon juice added to any greased mould, cover with greased ager, star 24 to 3 hours. into greased mould, cover with greased paper, steam 2½ to 3 hours. Serve hot with custard.

MARSHMALLOW DATE CAKE

Four ounces stoned, chopped dates, 1-3rd cup cold water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 or 2oz. chopped

dozen dates, chopped walnuts.

Soak dates 1 hour in the cold water. Cream butter or substitute water. Cream outer or substitute with sugar, add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift in flour and soda, then fold in walnuts and soaked dates. Turn into greased ring-tin (8in. size), bake in moderate oven

approximately 50 minutes. Allow

approximately 50 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes before turning out. Prepare topping.

Topping: Cut marshmallows into halves or quarters (according to size), place cut side down on top of cake. Drop chopped dates over and between marshmallows, place under very low griller or in very moderate oven until marshmallows start to melt and run down sides of cake. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

DATE TART DE LUXE

DATE TART DE LUXE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2-3rd
cup brown sugar, 4 cup milk, 1 egg,
1 tablespoon butter, 14 cups chopped
dates, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt,
crystallised ginger, walnut pieces.
Make a 7in. shortcrust pastrycase, bake, and cool. Place sugar,
milk, egg-yolk, butter, and chopped

dates in top of double saucepan. Stir-over boiling water approximately 10 minutes. Beat smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, salt, and vanilla. Cool slightly, fill into cold pastry-case. Decorate with crystal-lised ginger and walnuts.

DATE BRAN LOAF

DATE BRAN LOAF
One cup plain flour, pinch salt,
2 teaspoons baking-powder, 4 cup
sugar, 4 cup bran, 2-5rd cup chopped
dates, 1 egg, 4 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted shortening.
Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder.
Add sugar, bran, and chopped dates.
Mix well. Fold in beaten egg mixed
with milk and melted shortening.
Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in
moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes.

DATE CORNFLAKE CRISPS One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 11 cups crushed coruflakes, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1-3rd cup chopped dates (or dates and raisins mixed), cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, tablespoon melted shortening.

I talkispoon metted shortening,
Beat egg, gradually add sugar, and
mix well. Add cornflakes, nuts, and
dates. Fold in sifted flour and salt
and melted shortening. Drop a
teaspoonful at a time on to greased
oven-tray and bake in moderate oven
10 to 15 minutes.

DATE FUDGE DROPS

DATE FUDGE DROPS
Stone dates, cut in halves, place
well apart on greased tray. Into a
saucepan place i cup sugar, ‡ cup
ifiquid glucose, and ‡ cup water. Stir
over gentle heat until sugar is dissolved. Boll without stirring to
236deg. F. or until a little dropped
into cold water hardens and cracks
lightly. De not still the street. slightly. Do not allow syrup to over-

dates in top of double saucepan. Stir cook. Meanwhile, beat 1 egg-white over boiling water approximately 10 stiffly, gradually pour in hot syrup, minutes. Beat smooth. Fold in beat well. Fold in 1 cup chopped stiffly beaten egg-white, salt, and nuts, fruit, and ginger. Drop a nuts, fruit, and ginger. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to dates, aside to become firm

DATE COOKIES

DATE COOKIES

Prepare 80x biscuit pastry, divide into 3 portions, roll each one thinly.

Date Pinwheels: Spread one portion with date filling, roll up. Chill.

Gut into jin. slices, place on greased tray. Brush with melted shortening, aprinkle with brown sugar.

Bake in moderate oven 40 to 12 printers.

Date Slices: Cut one portion in halves, spread one with date filling, place second half on top. Lift on to greased tray, prick with a fork, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cold, dust with

Date Fold-ups: Cut one portion into rings with 3in. cutter. Place date filling on one half of each circle, moisten edges, fold over, and press edges lightly together. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. When cold, dab tops with pink warm icing, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts.

with finely chopped nuis.

Date Filling for Cookies: Into a saucepan place I cup chopped dates, I tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons milk, I dessertspoon lemon juice, I teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook gently over low heat to a soft pulp, stirring frequently. Allow to cool before using.

DATE CREAMS

Remove stones from dates, fill with a small quantity of fondant icing colored and flavored as desired.

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this the wick that does the trick!



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Jantigen B

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

The Far Country

ENNIFER said, Can I help if I get in there,

You must not call me Doc-You must not call me Doc-tor," he said. "Not in Aus-tralia." She did not understand that. "There is not room for more than one person," he said. "I can manage alone, but, please, go very slow. I am afraid for splinters of the

He got back into the rear por-tion and knelt down between his patients; the car moved off

this patients, the car moved off at walking pace. It took them half an hour to cover the three miles down to the lumber camp in the valley. It was sunset when the utility crept up to the office building. Jim Forest came out into the road to meet them.

"The doctor's still at Woods Point," he said. "I got through to the hotel, but he's not there, the place he's operating in isn't on the telephone. I left a message asking him to ring us here as soon as he could. I rang the hospital and asked if they could send a nurse out here. They can't do that, they've got one nurse sick and another off on holiday."

can't do that; they've got on-nurse sick and another off on-holiday."

He was frowning, "As far as I can make out they've only got one sister and a couple of Ukrainian wardmaids there. The sister said we'd have to bring them into Banbury."

There was silence. Every-body seemed to be expecting Zlinter to say something, and Carl Zlinter apparently had nothing to say. At last he got down from the back of the utility.

mothing to say. At last he got down from the back of the utility.

"Please," he said, "may I come into vour office, Mr. Forrest?"

"Sure." The manager led the way inside.

In the hare, rather squalid room that was the office of the lumber caup the Czech turned and faced the manager.

"This man is now very bad," he said quietly. "This man with the fractured skull. Mr. Dorman, he drives very carefully and very slow, but I have not been able to prevent the head from moving. There are broken bones, you understand, pieces of the skull that are broken, like the shell of an egg. With every movement of the car there is a—a movement of the service is now worse," Zlinter should be a for it is a movement of the car there is a movement of the service is now worse, which is not the car there is a movement of the car there is a movement of the service is now worse, which is not the car there is a movement of the service is now worse, which is not sood until the last part, so we must go very slow. It

Continued from page 40

will take two hours; if we go faster there may be much damage to the brain. I cannot say if he will die or not. I can tell you only that I would not advise for him to go further than here till he has had attention."

"What sort of attention, Zlin-

"What ser of attention, Zila-ter?" I think the head should be examined carefully, in clean and antiseptic surroundings, with good light. I think that we shall find a portion of the bone is pressing on the brain. If that is so, that portion must be lifted or removed entirely to relieve the pressure—the operation that we call trephine. When that is done, if it needs to be done, the matter is less urgent; he must then be put into some cast or splint for the movement of the head and taken to a hospital."

cast or splint for the movement of the head and taken to a hospital."

"Could you do that — lift that bit of bone you think wants lifting?"

"I have done that operation many times. In this country I am not allowed to practise because I am not qualified. If the man should die in the end, there would be trouble, perhaps I think it is for you to aay what is to be done."

"If I said, 'Have a go at it,' would you be willing?

"I would be willing?"

"I would be willing?

"I would be trouble to do what I can for him." the Czech said.

"Even though it might mean trouble if the thing goes wrong?"

Zinter smiled.

trouble if the thing goes wrong?"

Zlinter smiled.
"I have crossed that river already," he said. "I am in trouble now with the other man if things go wrong, for I have taken off his leg, and that I am not allowed to do, I think. I am in one trouble now already, and another of the same kind will not matter much."

Jim Forrest nodded. He stood in silence for a minute, looking out of the dirty window at the golden lights outside as the sun went down. It would be dark before they could get this man to Banbury, which would not make the journey any easier for him.

There was no guarantee that when they got him there he would receive attention before morning. He turned suddenly from the window and said, "We've got to de courseling."

would receive attention before morning. He turned suddenly from the window and said, "We've got to do something, and it's no good taking him to Banbury unless the doctor's go-ing to be there. You tell me what's the best to do, Splinter, and I'll tell you to do it."

and I'll tell you to do it."
"I think we take them to Hut Five." Zlinter said: that was a new hut, recently constructed and so reasonably clean, and there were empty rooms. "Two rooms we shall want, one for the amoutation to lie in bed. The other with a bed and a long table from the messroom, very clean, on which I can lay this man with the injured head while I examine him."

Please turn to page 50





ROCKING OUR DREAM BOAT? COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COLGATE DENTAL CREAN
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
) WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR
TEETH AND THE COLGATE
WAY OF BRUSHING TEETI
RIGHT AFTER EATING

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IN THE DARK!

TELL ME WHAT'S



HAVE TO ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT ... WELL

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The Far Country

and stood counting, looking at

said feehly, "Good old Splin-ter."

The Czech stood silent, smil-ing a little as he watched the second hand move round. Them he laid the hand down. "Do you feel any pain?" he asked.

"Kind of numb all up my leg," the man muttered.

"No sharp pain anywhere a" The man said something that they could not hear; Zlinter bent to him and made him re-peat it. Then he straightened up.

up.
"He's thirsty," he said to
Jennifer. "Fetrh a glass of
water. There is a glass in the

Wasn-room.

From the darkness outside a voice said audibly, "That'll be the first time Bert's tasted water in ten years."

"To-morrow," Zinter said,
"To-morrow," Zinter said,
"the ambulance will come to
take you into hospital at Banbury, but for to-meth you will
stay here. Lie very quiet now,
and sleep again."

Behind him Jennifer came
with the water; he knelt and
raised the head and gave the
man a drink, but he took only
a few sim.

again, he said. It is an right now,"

There was a knock at the door, and Zlinter went out into the corridor with Jennifer. Jim Forrest was there
"This one is doing well," he said softly, "—the amputation. He is now conscious and rest-ing. The other one, the head case, is not good. Will the doc-tor come to-night?"

SHAKING his lead, the manager said, "His appendicitis case has turned out had, Zlinter. Peritonitis, or something. I told him what you said about not taking the head case any further before examining him, and he said to do the best you can." "Did you tell him I may have to lift the bone to case the pressure on the brain?" "I told him that you thought an operation might be necessary to-night." The Czech stood silent for a minute. Then he said, "I would like you to come in and look at him with me. You do not mind the sight of a wound?" "That'll be right." They went into the room, and Jennifer followed. The manager, in spite of his assurance, drew his breath in sharply when he saw the extent of the injury. Zlinter moved his hand above the great depression.
"The hope here is much de-

depression.

"The bone here is much depressed, as you will see," he said. "There is haemorrhage in the brain cavity also." He motioned to Jennifer to move the lisht; she held it above the face, putty-colored and with a bluish tinge.
"He is a bad color," said Zlinter softly, "and the breathing is bad also, and the pulse is weak. I do not think this man will live until the morning in his present state. What do you think, Mr. Forrest?"

The manager said, "I don't

The manager said. "I don't know I've never seen a thing like this before, Splinter. I should think you're right. He's dving now, isn't he?"

The Czech said, "I think he will be much improved if we can lift the bone and case the pressure on the brain." He motioned Jennifer to put the light back on the nail, and took them out into the corridor.

When the door was shut, he said, "I have wanted you to see him now, Mr. Forrest, so that if he should not recover from the operation you can say how he was."

You're going to operate, Splinter?"

The Czech nodded. "I am soing to lift the bone, and per-haps take some of it away com-

"Right. What do you want?"

Continued from page 1

Carl Zlinter turned to Je fer. "Are you too tird is on again?"

She said, "I'm all right" "It will be long pernaga

He smiled at her "The good," He turned to the n

"We must cat be for again," he said, "me lady. We shall nee meal, very quickly no we must not wal something that soon, in a few or that we will begge shall need much i

They went in room again at ab-to nine, freshened in the canteen and

in the anteen and Heat, and not the enemy that Ir. battle against in hours. There was on the windows appossible to open the moths and the that crashed again attracted by the limpossible to ha open without sare.

Both worked sweat, made more heat from the high that Jennifer held time. From time rested and dram water from a pitch

Thinking it over all panifer came to the sion that the beat mad perinner easy for her so miserably hot and fortable that it was also could do to keep about her, to keen on Zlinter things he want time he wanted them. She had no person left with which to be what she saw. She is her energy for what if do. Thinking it over

It was a quarter by the time the had bandaged. Zlinter into the corridor help and, with Forman and two other lifted the patient from the operating bed, and laid him

The men stood le while Zlinter felt the

The Ozech anid, too. It is now a que operation shock. If through that, I in recover and be a

Will leave him for I shall come back. He moved them room and shut the fully behind them, for a moment limple wall. He said to Je-must be very tired. She was deed to

She was drenched her clothes sticking a at every movement so bot in there," since felt now as though be going to faint. "Le into the air."

Jack Dorman took let and they moved users' cloor of the hut. Zinter at at the room of the other and went in softly to look amputation case. The was lying on his back was lying on his breathing deeply, so he did not seem to have a since Zlinter had seen hon He lifted the sheet and sla at the bandaged lee, and ered the sheet again

"Good," he said self Forrest. "This one is all, He moved to the deet then stopped for a m"Do you smell anything





The Far Country

WITH a grin, the manager said, "Carbolic."
"I thought I could smell whisky."
Jim Forrest laughed. "Too right, Splinter. Jack Dorman's got a bottle in his car—it's me you're smelling. Come on and have one."

It was cool and fresh out in the forest night after the close stuffiness of the small room, and the air smelt wenderful after the stenches of the operating table. Jennifer felt better im-mediately.

mediately.

Jim Forrest fetched glasses from the canteen and she drank a small, weak whisky and water with the men, and felt better still. They stood smoking together and relaxing in the cool night air, letting the freshees cool and dry their bodies and their clothes, talking in short, desultory sentences about the operation. operation

Once Jennifer asked, "Will he really recover, like an ordin-ary man?"

ary man?

The Czech said, "He may. Not to do bulldozing again, perhaps, but for light work he may recover very well. There will be danger of paralysis, on the right side. We will see." He turned to the manager. "It is this man who is the student, is he not?"

"That's right," said Jim For-rest. "He's trying to save up to do a university course." He paused. "Should be able to, the money that one has to pay a bulldozer driver."

Jennifer asked, "What's he going to do at the university?"

"Metallurgy, I think." He turned to the Czech. "What about to-night, Splinter? Will he wake up?"

"I think he may, in two or three hours' time. I shall stay with him all night, myself." Jennifer asked. "Will you want me again?"

He looked down at her. "Not again to-night," he said. "I could not have done very much

could not have done very much for these men without your help. I find it wonderful that you have never been a nurse." She smiled. "My father's a doctor," she said. "Perhaps that makes a difference." "So?" he said. "A doctor in England?"

"That's right," she replied. "He practises in Leicester."

"And you have helped him in his practice?"

She shook her head. "I know a little bit from living in the

Beauty in brief:

phasise it alarmingly.

the project.

pulled in tight.

again and pick it up.

for at least five minutes each day

Please turn to page 52

Waist whittling

By CAROLYN EARLE

You must be sure that there is no

suggestion of a spare tyre around your middle if you plan to wear one of those fashionable, wide belts, because a belt

that is four or six inches wide will em-

BUT everything comes to the girl who works for it-

even a biddable waistline—and the book-placing exercise is one effective way in which you may achieve a spare-ribbed look by working for five minutes daily on

Choose a book of medium weight and sit down on a ard chair or stool with feet apart and the tummy

Now take a deep breath, and, with your back held ramrod-stiff, lean over to the right and place the book as far as you can reach. Straighten, then lean over

Repeat this on the left side, alternating right and left

Continued from page 50

house, of course. One can't help learning little bits of things."

"You have learned more than little bits of things," he said. "Now you must be very tired. You should go home and get some sleep."

"You're sure you won't want me any more?"
"No," he said. "Nothing will happen now that will be urgent, till the doctor comes in the morning."
She said, "I'd like to know what happens to them."
He said, "Perhaps I may come in and tell you, at the homestead."

Jack Dorman said, "That's right. Come in for tea to-morrow or the next day."

morrow or the next day."
"If I can, I will do that," he said. "When the doctor comes, he may wish that I go to Banbury with him, to the hospital, to show what I have done and to hand over the cases in the proper way. I do not know. I will come and tell you to-morrow or the day after."

Jennifer said simply, "I'll look forward to you coming."

Jane and Angela were waiting up for her at home with a small meal of cold meat and salad and cheres; she was hungry, but before she atte she went and stood under the shower and put on clean pyjamas and a house-coat Back in the kitchen, she ate a little cold mutton and drank a cap of tea while telling them about it.

Jack Dorman told Jane, "It was that fellow Zlinter that Ann Pearson told us about, when Peter Loring got his mastoid. He's quite a surgeon, so it seems."

Jane said, "The one that you

Jane said, "The one that you met over on the Howqua, who found his own grave?"

found his own grave?"
"That's right. They all call him Splinter up at the camp."
Jennifer said sleepily, "Found his own grave?"
"That's right," said Dorman. "Get him to tell you about it. It's quite a story."
She was too tired to go into that at the moment. "He's very sure of himself," she said reflectively. "He knew exactly what he wanted to do, right from first to last."
Angela asked, "Is he good-looking?"

"He's got a nice smile." Jen-nifer paused. "I should think he's a very good doctor."

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Women know men prefer







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A NGELA asked,
"He wouldn't be as good as an
English doctor, though, would
he?"

he?" Jennifer smiled at the rose-colored dream of England. "I don't know," she said. "All English doctors aren't super-

"I thought the English medi-cal schools were the best in the world," said Angela. "Every Aussir doctor who want to do post-graduate work goes to

England."
"Maybe that's because they can't get dollars to go to America." Jane said dryly.
Jeanifer got up from the table. "I think I'll go to bed," she said. "I should think we'd all better go to bed. I'm sorry you've had to stay up like this for me."

"Makes a bit of a change, a thing like this," Jane remarked "Don't get up to-morrow, Jenny Sleep in late."
"That's a good idea," said

Angela.
"I didn't mean you," said

her mother.

At the lumber camp after the utility had gone, Carl Zlinter sat on the steps of the hut in the cool, velvety night, talking to the manager. Jack Dorman had left the remains of his had left the remains of his bottle of whisky with them to finish off; the Czech had a sec-ond, but refused a third.

Notice to Contributors

DIRASE type your mann-neried or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from Short stories should be from to 1000 words. Enclaime stamps to nover celum posing at manuscript in same of rejec-tion.

Every care is taken of Every care is taken of Every care in taken of the every care in the every care

The Far Country

"I should deep if I drink nore, he told Jim Forcest, and I must stay awake to-ight. Presently this man, he will wake up and I must be with him then,"
"Look," said the manager,

with him then."

"Look," said the manager,
"is there anything I can do? I'll
stay up with you, if you like."

"It is not necessary. There
are men sleeping in the hut. If
it should be needed, I will send
for you. But I think it will not
be needed. Everything I think
will now be all right."

Presently lim Forrest went

will now be all right.

Presently Jim Forrest went back to his house to bed: Carl Zlinter finished his cigarette and went back to the hut. He looked in on his amputation case; the man was still in the same position, apparently asleep; from the door Zlinter could hear the even, regular locathon. breathing

did not go in or make any close examination; better any close examination; better to let him sleep. He went in to his trephine case and began cleaning and tidying the room, cleaning away the debris of the operation and cleaning and drying his instruments.

drying his instruments.

An hour later, at about one in the morning, the man began to come to. He became conscious: once or twice the ever opened and closed. The color and the breathing were now much better. Presently the fips moved, the man was trying to say something.

say something.

Carl Zlinter bent beside him.

"Don't talk, Harry," he said.

"Don't move about. You got

"blow upon your head, but
you're right now. Don't rev
to talk or move about. Just
lie quietly as you are, and rest."

He could not make and first.

He could not make out if the man had understood or not; the lips moved again and he bent to try to hear what he was

Continued from page 51

But now there was a hum-ming in the air, unmelodious, but recountable as a tune. In one of the cubicles of the hut somebody was humming, or chanting to himself in a low tone, "God Save the King."

It was impossible for the Green to hear if his patient was speaking, or if the lips were merely moving by some reflex merely moving by some reflex originating from the damaged brain. He got to his feet in annoyance, the men in the hut were all good types and they knew very well that there were critically ill men in the hut with them. They should know bet-ter than to make a row like that in the middle of the night.

Out into the costillar went

It was coming from the next-door cubicle, that which housed his amoutation case.

Zlinter opened the door. In the dim, shaded light Bert Hanson was lying on his back awake, maundering through "God Save the King" in low, alrohalic tones, and beating time with one hand. The air was heavy with the aroma of which.

He took no notice of the doctor, but continued beating time and singing, his eves half closed, the voice getting stronger and the tune louder with every minute.

Zlinter went into the room and plucked the towel from the lamp; the room was flooded with light. He saw a lump under the bedelothes, turned them back, and there was the

bottle, uncorked and practically

He dropped it on the floer with tightened lips, won-dering if his patient had drunk the whole of it. From the look of him, he probably had.

The man said genially in a strong voice, "Good old Splin-ter." He burst into laughter. "Come on, le's sing 'God Save the King' together."

A man appeared in the corridor in pyjama trousers, any help, Splinter?"

"This stupid fool," said the Czech angrily, "somebody has given him a bottle of whisky. We must try to keep him quiet, for his own sake and for the man next door."

The next two hours were a nightmare.

mightinare.

At an early stage Zlinter sent a man to fetch Forrest from his house: by the time be came running the pandemenium was terrific, with three men fighting to keep Bert Hansem in his bed, with Zlinter himself attempting to keep his trephine case quiet in the next room.

Hanson was frantically fight-ing drunk; at one stage he got bold of the bottle and used it as a club rill it broke, merci-fully upon the wall beside him. It was with the greatest diffi-culty that they got the jaged, broken neck out of his hand.

Jim Forrest said to Zlinter at the height of it, "You'll have to give him something. Mor-phia."

phia."

The Czech said, "I do not think that will be good. When this is over, there will be reaction, and he will be very weak. I do not think that any drug will work while there is so much alcohol, unless to give it in a great dose as would kill him later."

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

BOOKS are not only meant to be read. With a little help, youngsters of five or six and over can work out a lot of play based on them.

Illustrations may give ideas for painting and drawing. It is especially good fun to make an illustration for a favorite story when the book itself doesn't have one.

Books, too, are full of ideas for youngsters who like to work with clay. The Little Red Hen, Peter Rabbit, or even Tom Sawyer can come to life under the eager fingers of the young sculptor.

Books are helpful in making show. Actors and actresses can be fashioned from papier mache, from pieces of cloth, blocks of wood, or even vegetables. The theatre can



Games from books

be fashioned from a cardia in favorite books give his

Yes, books are for morning reading. Indeed, the unster who tries to pur intensiconcrete form the stone reads is likely to approximately appro them far more than he sh merely reads.

"What are we going to do with him?"

"Hold him, until the thing passes. If these men grow tired, get other men."
"How's Harry going on?"
"He is going on ser' well. It would be better for him if there was less noise."

"I'll do the best I can. But if he can't have any dope, he'll have to work it out, and he's got some way to go."

At about three o'clock, and almost suddenly, Hanson stopped struggling and shouting,

and entered on a star of a lapse. Carl Zlinter left has phine case and gave have attention to his ampute drank.

The heart was now or weak. The man lay in a mp of weakness, gradually intage At about four o lock Zingave an injection of most nine, which had only a se

temporary, sheht effect.

At about half-nat he a
the first light of dawn let
Hanson died.

To be continued

STOP BACKACHE& RHEUMATIS PEP UP-FEEL YOUNGER AND ST lith Wonderful Kidney Cleaner

or Fibresitis? Do your kidneys work too often either during the day or night? Are you nerve?
Do your ankles swell? Do you have a lot of colds and do you get up in the morning almost as tired as when you went to bed the night before? Do you feel tired out a lot of the time and older than you should?

If you or any of your loved ones have suffered from symptoms such as these, have tried a jot of things and wonder just what to do, then read this message of hope and happiness. Yes, millions of Australian men and women have discovered the simple secret of feeling fit and endling many devitalising symptoms by taking the wonderful kidney cleaner and refresher called CVSTEX

CLEAN OUT ACIDS - FEEL FIT

There are a lot of things that can cause an excess of acids and impurities to accumulate your blood. For instance, overwork, eating and overdrinking, nervous tension, germs that invade the body during colds and other infections, loss of sleep, etc., may fill your system with irritating acids and impurities

CYSTEX

Cleans the Kidneys And Bladder -Refreshes the System

and pains, feel tired, rundown unable to enjoy life as you should. This is particularly true if you are over 35 years old Naturally, the right way and the quick way to overcome these troubles is to get rid of the excess acids, impurities and germs. And millions of Australians have found that the right way to do this is with CYSTEX, which acts a good deal like a mild, gentle antiseptic bath to your kidneys and bladder. That gives your system a real cleaning which can not be accomplished with laxatives because they merely act on the bowel and do nothing to clean and refresh two of the most important organs in the body.

3 HOUR ACTION

CYSTEX is acientifically designed to start working through your blood within three hours after you take the first dose. After just the first day or two you are certain to see a big improvement through the cleansing, refreshing action of CYSTEX. That's why thousands of people find CYSTEX wonderful during and after colds for that tired, achy feeling as well as for more serious pains and aches, such as Backache and Rheumatism Pain.

START TO RELIEVE TROUBLES IN 24 HOURS

Because CYSTEX is scientifically prepared to heal, soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and impurities from system, it starts to work almost liately. Within 24 hours after taking the immediately. Within 24 hours after taking the first CYSTEX tablet you will feel decidedly better-pain will have eased or considerably

lessened, and within a few days you will feel and look a lot better than you have in a long time, because the impurities and excess acids have been washed away through your kidneys and also many of those irritating germs destroved. This gives a real foundation for feeling strong, healthy and fit.

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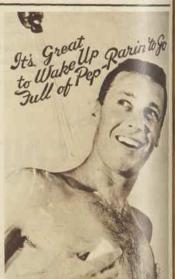
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Thousands have written of the wonderful help that CYSTEX has been to them. For instance, Mr. G. N. Williamson, Hurat Bridge, Victoria, says, "CYSTEX has saved me from going under an operation which may have meant death to a man of my age—nearly 30 years. Every night my sleep was disturbed. Now I sleep well. CYSTEX has set me up and I feel better right through."

And Mr. R.T., Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff. I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of CYSTEX helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back.



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Get CYSTEX from your chemist or store 1000 under this fair-play plan. Give it what 50 consider to be a fair and thorough test. See hi yourself how it drives away many pains all makes you feel younger, stronger and mor healthful. See how it helps you enjoy a sens night's rest so that you can get up forms refreshed—full of pep and ready pleasures and activities of life. CYSTEX ED satisfy you completely in every way, or you not merely return the empty packet and get por

Page 52



Something more than the strange-ess of the sight was exciting me, lough—and in a strange, strong ay. There was a warm welling in my heart and a mystery in my brain. It was as though I had dreamed of Gypsies travelling on a road, although in an opposite directook announce in an oppose direc-tion somehow — retreating instead of advancing—being able to see their backs and not their faces. Maybe that dream had been invoked by reading about them, and envying their wild, free life.

their wild, free life. She overtook the cart, and I saw her swarthy, wrinkled, undoubtedly dirty face. She glanced into my eyes, then quickly fixed her gaze on Gerald. I might have thought she had already divined he was cock of the walk—more likely to have a shilling in his worked. shilling in his pocket — except for what had happened in the brief in-terval that our eyes had met.

What had happened was an extra ordinary lack of anything. She had stopped in her tracks, her eyes had stopped gleaming and changed to black stone, and the set of her features, which gave her a cunning. expression, remained fixed but utterly expressionless.

"If you'll cross my hand with silver, little gentleman, I'll tell your fortune," she blathered, looking at Gerald If her mind was on her words, my instincts—maybe they were just a batch of fox-sharp senses—had lied to me.

"I don't want my fortune told," he answered. "Drive on, Rom."

Those words had automated her stonied her, as our fathers would by and I could not imagine why wild, almost frightened expression whipped across her face, and the knuckles of her brown hand, clutch-ing the arm-rail, showed white, had a sense of the uncamp, the familiar details of the scene—the hedge and the sheep graving in the field and a distant farmhouse set among trees—having the aspect of things seen in dreams.

Very slowly her eyes wheeled to mine. I could not see into them; a film had come over their lustrous

What a pretty name you have, little gentleman," she said,

'It's short for Romulus, ma'am I answered, excited and barely able to steady my voice.

'Romulus?'

"Yes. He was the one who was suckled by a wolf and founded

"You are a clever little gentle-man, with good learning. Will you tell me your last name?"

It's Brook, and his name is Gerald

Yet you do not look like brothers. He is so fair-pretty as a picture-and you so dark."

"We're only foster brothers, Grandma, although we're kin. I was born in America, the child of Papa's second cousin, and since I was an orphan, Papa adopted me."

"What were your real mother's and father's names? I can tell your fortune better-

'My real father's name was Harris, Papa told me He never told me my mother's name. Both died with plague when I was a baby."

"Will you cross my hand with milver or even with red money?"

"Give me first a sample of your

"Your real father—maybe you have seen his picture—had blue eyes and fair hair.

"My foster father has 'em. so maybe his cousin did."

"You are very fond of music and like to dance."

"I've never been to dancing school, but I like to dance tunes, if they're

'He found an old fiddle in the attic." Gerald broke in, "and can play a tune on it already. But I'm going to be a soldier."

I see that, little gentleman. With out looking in your hand. I see it. witch turned again to me. love to take journeys, and always wonder what's around

you always wonder what's around the bend in the road."

"Tm going to travel all over the world some day." I fished a sixpence from my pockel. "Here's your wage, and if you can tell me any more..."

She took the coin, spat on it eatly, and, her lips moving, rubbed well.

"What if I should give it back to ou?" she asked, her eyes searching

"He don't want the dirty thing now." Gerald protested. "Yes, I do, Grandma, if you want me to have it."

"I want you to have it and keep for a good-luck piece, but will k a gift in return."

"I'll give you anything I've got--" "Only a lock of your hair It is black and course, not fine and pretty like your foster brother's, but I may have use of it, which will do you no harm."

fetched out my clasp knife, ned and handed it to her. Gerald opened and manded it to ner Geraid filinched as though is he might cut our throats with it; but I trembled too, I did not know why, when she cut off a strand of hair from the very crown of my head. This she put inside a kind of locket she wore on her necklace

"Good-bye, Rom," she told me.

'Aren't you going to tell my for-

"Your fortune was told you long ago. Perhaps you will remember it, when it comes true. It is full of the great things—love and hate, danger, beauty of women and of mountains, and great change. It will seem a stranger fortune than your half-brother." brother's-

He's my foster brother, not my half-brother, Grandma."

half-brother, Grandma.
"You told me so, but I am old
and my memory fails. But to you
it won't seem strange, because it
comes out of you. Good-bye-P'ral"

With that strange salutation, she With that strange salutation, she walked away from us, and it seemed the second time I had seen that Gerald took the reins from my hand, and we were a half-mile down the road before I wakened from a kind of dream He had made some remark to me and I had answered him, without remembering a word that had hear said. him, without reme-that had been said.

Don't tell Mamma I talked to the Gypay.

Why not?" he asked. I could not think of the real ason, "Well, she says they're dirty and thieving-

T won't, if you give me that six-

"I thought you wouldn't want it, ter she spit on it."

"Well, I don't. How could it bring anybody luck?"

"You'll have all the luck anyway. Mamma loves you, and she hates 'How can you say such a mean

"She does, I've never thought about it before—but it's true." "Paps loves you."

WITHOUT ing what I meant, I said, "I think he'd like to, but he's afraid." Then, cold and empty from fear and loneliness. I had to speak again, looking straight ahead. "Do you love me. Gerald?"

Yes, Rom." Are you sure?"

Cross my heart and hope to die

"Will you promise not to tell Mamma about the Gypsy, even if I don't give you the sixpence?"
"Not if you don't want me to."
"I love you best of anybody. You're

Until this moment I had thought that I loved Pa best, for caring for me with good care-no matter how small the end of my horn compared

At the first opportunity after getting home, I searched Papa's ex-cellent library for all I could learn

about Gypsies A book entitled "Etymology of the Balkan Penin-sula" had a short article about them, but I could find no reference to "p'ral," the Gypsy word she had used. Then the short hairs rose on the back of my neck. I read:

That chil them the short hairs rose on the back of my neck. I read:

They call themselves the Romany people, and employ the word "Rom" to mean a Gypsy

The type swam before my eyes. I closed the book quickly, as though it were a closet door I had opened on a frightening scene. The room was suddenly haunted in a dim, eerie way, the curtains and furniture looking almost but not quite the same. My skin prickling, I hurried out, a silence closing swiftly on my heels, to the big parlor where Papa neets, to the big parior where Papa was reading a newspaper, the pale woman whom I had called Mamma was sewing, and Gerald was sorting over his beautiful collection of binds eggs. Gerald and Papa glanced up in a friendly way, then their gazes made a V of which my face was the point.

"What's the matter, Romulus?' Papa asked quietly, with a reassur-ing smile.

The woman looked up from her sewing Her eyes appeared too full of other thoughts to attend imme-diately to the present matter.

"Nothing, sir," I answered, pre-tending to be puzzled by the ques-

Well, you look a little pale-Then the woman fixed her calm eyes on my face. Paps stopped talking because of that. He was waiting, with an anxiety he could not conceal from her—like that he had often concealed from me but could not any more—for her to speak.

"Why, Frederick," she said slowly, ne seems in good color to me."

"Oh, well." Then Papa went back to his newspaper, Gerald to his birds' eggs, the woman to her embroders, I could never go back to what I had been doing, or thinking, or feeling or being before

or being before.

For the next few weeks I could not go anywhere In a very real sense I had lost my way. I did not seem to be living in this house—the large, comfortable villa, known as Yew Gate, part of the woman's estate—but only queerly visiting here, knowing well I should be busiling about nacking un to leave but un. about, packing up to leave, but un-able to take the first step.

Sometimes, after sitting still a leng time, in deeply troubled intro-spection, I seemed to have no right to the body that belonged to a boy wasn't any more-Gerald's country Romulus Brook. In my mightly dreams Gerald's mother became miraculously mine; she would be petting him while I stood back in cold shadows, then she would call me to her to receive an equal share, while my heart burst with joy.

But one dream, just before dawn began with me on her lap, her kisses warm on my face and throat then when Gerald had called me "Rom," she flung me away and spat in my face. Even so, it did not end in the icy paralysis of night-mare. I was fighting hard someone or something, in hope of victory

Often I caught myself building air casiles, wherein I saved Gerald's life at the dreadful risk of my own-saved the house from burning down-saved the Queen from an assassin and was rewarded by the love and and was rewarded by the love and gratitude of my foster parents. Such daydreams conflicted with going to my foster father, and demanding, as my right, the story of my hirth and adoption. Suspecting the truth, feared that his telling it would tuse a permanent rift between us

But when I was fourteen those suspicions served me as a n. The occasion was shortly after Gerald's departure for Rugby was still going to a day school Berkshire, and being treated to spell of evil temper by his dotting

she had wrinkled her nose a little as I came in from a long walk through the fields, and bade me take myself to the bathroom for a good scrub.

"Ma'am. I had a good scrub just this morning," I replied, "If you please, I've got to do some study-ing."

You heard me, Rom."

"Yes, ma'am."

You propose to disobey me?"

Yes, ma'am."

"I advise you to change you mind before I speak to your father.

"Speak to him if you care to, ma'am, but I think he'll tell you that the dark color and the smell won't wash off."

The words sprang from a desperate heart and a painfully dry throat, but the instant they were out of my mouth, my heart leaped and I almost laughed aloud. The reason was the expression on her ugly face. Indeed I had never before realised its ugliness, with which I had lived as long as I could remember—sharp-boned, dull white in color with sour mouth and spiteful eyes. with sour mouth and spiteful eyes

Now her eyes had opened to show their whites under their cold blue irises, and I knew she was afraid.

"What do you mean, Rom?" ked, her weedy-looking

"Why, nothing, 'cept from now on Til bathe when I please, and go dirty when I please. I'll obey him, but I won't obey you 'cept when I feel like it. If you want to complain to him, go ahead But I doubt if you will, for, although you like to hint ground, you don't really want to be told the truth. It might cause trouble in our happy home."

She sprang up, but I had not the ast notion that she was going to Papa

"This truth you speak of. Is it something your father told you?" "No, but it's plain as the nose on his face"

"You're an unspeakable little

beast."

As she swept out of the room, I laughed, with a boldness, perhaps a wickedness, I had hardly imagined yet, and the surprise of it was still on me when I made an important discovery. All the time I had been defying her, my hand had been in the side pocket of my trousers, my fingers toying with a smooth silver coin.

That night I hung it on a stout ord to wear around my neck.

I dreamed no more of the woman's kisses. Sometimes I had dim far-distant dreams of being kissed by a younger woman, with a darker face and warmer, lovelier lips.

In the next year, I got almost entirely rid of daydresming, confronted the future, and began to prepare for it in small, solid ways. So Papa was surprised at my declining his offer to send me to a new found in the confirmation of the confirmation found, inexpensive school in Wales. He readily accepted my excuses for studying at home for a year or two more, then going to school on the

Among his most intimate friends was a stout, grey-hesded man named Graham Byrd, who had los a leg in a hunting accident in India, and gained a sunburn too deep-dyed to wear off. He had always treated me with particular kindness, so on an evening that I found myself alone with him in our library, I ventured to seek his advice as to me adventing that it was to be a seek his advice as to me adventing the seek his advice as the seek my education.

"I've decided to make a career in India," I told him.

"That's what I call a full-size decision," he answered, with a quiet smile "Will you tell me how you arrived at it?"

"I think I can do a lot more out there than in England. I heard you say once that very few Englishmen understand the natives, and I think I could be one of 'em. I look rather like as Indian I saw in London, and I'm very interested in the country. I thought maybe you could tell me what preparations I could make, while I finish growing up."

while I finish growing up.

"Well, you must read all the books you can find that deal with the East,—not only India, but Arabia and Persia and what we call the North-west. They're all interbound. You'd expect me to tell you to learn the Hindustani vernacular. More than that you should become an expert in both Hindi and Urdu. But maybe you'll be surprised at the language you'll be surprised at the language. be surprised at the language I'd advise you to master beforeither of those. I refer to Arabic

Well, I will, if you think best."

"It's a big order, but it's also to key to a real knowledge of all its nearer Orient. It's as necessary a an Orientalist as Greek to a clas-It's the root of son cist. It's the root of score of fac-ern languages — the speech of the conquerors of East Afrom-realy the great bridge between Inds and the West, Very few Englanmes of there ever go to the great labor an volved—they'd rather play polo the few that do reap a tremendous se-vantage."

"I'll go to London and get hous books and start right away."

He looked at me curriously me-dering if this were a boyish wins soon to be forsaken. I could same him that it was not All chillian things had to be put away—this sa my intensely vivid, unmitigate realisation.

"Of course, you've sot to know Prench too, you know," he went as "That's the language of the Course and the password through and the password through Europe. I mean, if you've after by

When I thanked him he may

when I thanked him he one long-remembered observ "Being dark as you are and ing perhaps some of the train go with it—may be either a asset or a great liability depe asset of a great manning depends on your strength of character Mo English men and women live on in the facade of India a great pleasant life, a bit on the man side—but a few go behind that a find—well, you may see for so self some day. By the way, needn't go to London for your a books. I'll send you some tomore

He kept his promise, and I had a intention of breaking mine I thin htemion of breaking mine Papa was rather gratified studying French, thinking it toward social prestige but we lifted and worried by my det-attack on such a strang all guage as Arabic. I could not grin inwardly at him as h uneasily into my swarthy had become an apprenti-vocation I meant to pursu-itely as though bound to I was, in a sense—the master ben my own driving ambition

my own driving ambition.

The only person who express any curiosity about my duing a Nora, the upstains maid sevenies or so when I turned fiften at with whom Papa exchanged my tell-tale glances. I found be a morning in my room, guidne rouneyed into a copy of Jamil's peen

"Can you read this 'ere Make Rom?" she asked.

'After a fashion."

"Ain't English books good enough for ye? They're good enough is the Master, and Master Gerald"

Well, Nora, I'm not like mith of them, I was born in Americand my real father—so Popu in me — was a distant cousin of by named Mr. Harris."

Something about my tone man her glance up. "I don't see mill!" funny about it."

"I'm not being funny. I'm was you what he said. Of course I on help but wonder what my me parents were like. One of the must have been very dark with he and skin like mine. But my syst hazel, aren't they?"

"I don't want to look at wm Why not? I haven't got the ed I hope

"I'm no ways sure ye amt any how they're the brightest strang-eyes I ever saw in a youker's had And them high cheskbones as early loss."

"Yet there's a family resembles between Gerald and me don't a think? Quite marked, for this fourth cousins."

"Yes, and to blazes with yell "Why what's the matter has so marked that anyone would he we were closer kin. You can what Gerald's much better both wonder if I'll take after Pas freeduly in the control of the control family in liking to travel. His our Mr. Harris, went out to the Sa Papa visited there at least out the trip that he found and ador me Had he ever been there belon

How do I know?" Nora steed a hough her back was b Why don't ye ask him?"

'I'm asking you. Nora

Pears like I heard som he'd been out there of She started to say

of it. Anyway sud-ed that I knew all I d with the knowledge ing that I must get

consent, given with our four months I was

of for my first train-for half a year was charge of a brilliant, charge of a brilliant, sen Oxonian, who boarding school out-may remittance was add was on his way to d must live in style— apply for Marseilles, sent farther than in here the sun and the more benigh, and syrna docked.

round the corner from as a peregrine falcon, in Genoa, and after better yet, in Trieste.

oder how easily my adroit in French, italian, the latter so in that I would not to take Don Quixote's took off across the Tunis, there to numanise my halt-ic, whichever more to be the keenest

here I could match dragoman.

s with a dragoman, annehile I was hashing every excos that came my wry. A
and a touch of the sublime, the
e part were the come and go,
and take of spirited living, and
were bose. To supplement my
tance. I made a few ducats as
much carrier, a lutor, a spy,
so chanced that at eighteen I

or holy war in Al-got into it almost siding with some rebels against the rebels against the x months was out but in the interim die as dead as at tasted sweet little bitter defeat, and subaltern of horse

enst year I was at Oxford of lam. Kicked out with great th-the word was "rusticated" or a commission in the ist India Company me that Papa had pred in a hunt-meet must come home at

I found Gerald, a full-officer of the Queen, and sed awhite before Papa sent

was three inches taller althourn of about the same and remarkably handsome, humoriess, he seemed to innocent Tall and lithe, he seman and a dead manding presence. —a much braver always took anxi-own neck—would who neck would make a reputation as He could not lie. I could not flatter or build always let him buigh a door.

to say that he still sched to hear him tous shame; save for have tried to get heart, though, I did It was against should, even if he by now, that I was. So be it, he would be a way to be to he would be a way to be to he would be a way to be to he was to be it. ng me feel at home summoned me, I

summoned me, I flushed with fever, very sad. He did not young, but saw no it. For a moment is by that I could die in I were God, I would would be such a god-generosity: it would to shame to shame

on anything to tell me beasked, in a low,

tell him-why he walking about in another stating London to see trading before the Queen Ever fell, but the lie stuck

I want to thank you

"Romulus, you cut me to the quick.
If you only knew..."

"I do know." I broke in quickly, unable to endure the anguish on his

"You-know?"

"For years now."

"Yet you thank me?"

"You went back and got me, in spite of your fear of Mamma. In spite of the danger of people's guessing, and your losing the repute you prize so. You would have done more for me, if you hadn't had to live the lie that I was only lie that I was only your cousin's son. Even though Mamma knew it was a lie-and you knew she did still you let me stay."

"Maybe I did wrong. Mamma hated you-and Juvena loved you.

EMPHATICALLY I said, "I think you did do wrong, but you thought it was right, And I thank you for another favor-naming me Romaius, it showed you weren't ashamed of my mother."

"It was a little joke we made up together, beside the fire, before you were born. We didn't think you would ever find it out. You were to be an English gentleman..."

You were wrong about that,

"I know it. Gerald is a gentleman, as fine as they come, but that makes your lot harder—"

"You're wrong about that too. I we Gerald and he's my greatest

"That's the Gypsy in you, like the rest. They're the only truly humble people on the earth. Do you know

why?"
"T've heard the story. They turned away the Virgin and her Child from their tents when she sought shelter there. For that they must wander over the face of the earth forever, knowing what they've lost."

"Juvena told me by the fire, my head in her lap. No one loves fineness as much as the Gypsies, and though they can't have it, they never deny it for their pride's sake, know-ing they lost it through their own blindness."

Papa's throat grew dry and his breath short. To revive him for a little while, I poured him a glass of

wine.
"I swear to you, Rom, that I thought you'd be like Gerald," he went on, a trace of his old vigor in his voice. "Darker of skin and gayer of heart, of course, but a true Englishman. I'd come and get you before you picked up their ways. But I delayed too long. Maybe if I'd snatched you from her breast, even then 'twould have been too late. I've made poor amends, but the best I made poor amends, but the best I could with Mamma looking on Pve left you half of what I have, and she'll despise me for it in my grave."

"You needn't have left me a penny." I told him, choking.

"That I know. You'd never have amed me, or blamed Gerald. "That I know You'd never have blamed me, or blamed Gerald. There's the Gypsy again. I had to leave him half—besides what he'll get from Mamma, entailed to sons of her blood—even if I didn't want to, which I did. He's my first born, and my pride."

"And I'm your shame."

'No, I swear before God. I've pride in you too—a strange, joyful, de-fiant pride. It came to me as soon as I saw you. Before that, when I was running after her, my eyes were blinded with passion."

"... Passion," I said aloud "I'd wished that you loved her—a little." "A little!" Papa arose on his elbow, his eyes burning.

"Rom, I loved her out of the world. If God sends me to hell for my unrepentance, I'll love her still."

my unrepentance, I'll love her still."

I had shrived Papa, almost without his knowing it, and on the following night he died in peace. I was his chief mourner too, since Mamma had hated being his lawful wifenot quite the same as hating him—and was glad to have him in a hole from which he could not extricate himself to seek some warmer more more deseased. and more pleasant company than

Maybe there was another mourner beyond the waters. Perhaps in a dream Juvena had feit him pass. I did not think she too had died, for I had not felt her pass in any dream Perhaps in

or vision. It stood to reason—rea-soning in terms of human realities, not a mess of scientific pottage — that she would have loltered briefly in at she would have lottered theily in my doorway, ere she journeyed on. Quite likely she was hardly thirty-five. Had she been much older than fourteen when Papa first saw her, she would have been

married.

Mamma's time to weep was a year later, when Gerald, gazetted to a Cheshire regiment, satied for India. I was aircady India-bound—I had been ever since my voice changed—although I had not yet picked my route or packed my trunk. I was still packing my head with the equipment I would need on my arequipment rival there

Having no strings to pull, and smelling slightly disreputable be-cause of my irregular education, I appealed in vain to East India Comappealed in vain to East India Com-pany for a post to my liking-with a tether long and light. The only afternative was service in its military establishments. With General Napler's prophecies of Indian mutiny blasting its ears, it was glad enough to count my guerrilla war-fare in Albania as qualifying me for a subaliern's commission.

of course I did not try for one of the old, aristocrat regiments, to command beefeaters, and be foremost in the fray. At age twenty-two I managed to be gazetted to a sepoy rifle regiment barracked at Bombay, a green and not greatly trusted rabble whom I thought would smell the battle only from afar, until I had completed my studies and could find more welcome employment. come employment

Before our fine steamer had passed the Gates of Hercules, my fellow officers knew me for a bounder. Instead of breaking bottles bounder. Instead of breaking bottles with them in the canteen, I studied Hindi and Urdu and practised it on homeward-bound Hindus and Moselems above and below decks. They addressed me as "sahib," in due respect for an officer of the Queen, but after studying my countenance with their quiet, wise eyes, and inding in mine no disdain, they led me down fascinating paths of their minds.

At Cause I bearded a camel for

At Cairo I boarded a camel for the journey to Suez. Good Lord, I thought, the ill-smelling brute is my brother! We were both fated to kick and bite, to cross dreary deserts, and to thirst long ere we drank deep

I was wonderfully happy on his back, sensing his capacity to survive in a deadly region. I would always make use of such experts, whereby to flourish. My fellow riders cursed their rough, ungainly mounts, but I made truce with mine. The sandstorm that we buffeted angered and hence harmed us less than any other alten and his beast.

Despite my low-born lust to shine Despite my low-born lust to aline among my betters, I did not speak one Arabic word on these Arabian sards. The sahibs would have re-spected the learning, afnce it would seem to be useless in India, and no seem to be usees in initia and no push towards promotion, but I con-cealed it like an extra wespon, for a time of need. The dragomans and camel-tenders greatly enriched my working knowledge of the tongue, and entertained and enlightened me by their lurid, levd descriptions of the subb. Lawallers. I was not the sahib travellers. I was not spared, and indeed more discussed than the rest.

"His rogue of a camel serves him well." and a drover captain "Was he born in Hind, like some of the others" is there purple at the base of his nails? I would swear no lotus-white memsahib gave him that darkness of skin and lustre of eye."

"Bah!" cried an old nomad, puf-fing a hooka. "He's a Christian Prankistan, and I, for one, will not think twice ere I cut his throat, on the day of jihad (holy war)."

the day of juned Iroly warr."

After being baked on the desert, we travellers were boiled in the swelter of the Red Sea, ere the ocean breezes cooled us. I took another chilling at our new-won town of Aden, my fine plans for a quiet, aafe year in Bombay having gone agrey.

Orders were waiting there for our ship to dock first at Karachi, in the troubled North, and there to dis-charge some excusal troops and of-ficers, including me, not direly needed claewhere. The Mohamme-dans of Baluchistan, on India's

MARSHALL EDISON

western frontier, were up in arms, according to rumors flying about the Head. There might be some pretty fighting, and maybe a massacre.

fighting, and maybe a massacre.

From Karschi we were marched upcountry, making for Hyderabad in Sind, from where the resident, General Outram, had sent a call for help. Midway the journey I heard news that changed most wonderfully my whole outlook on the venture. It was that Gerald's regiment, the 23nd Foot, was likewise. Hyderabad-bannd.

That in itself was no great won-der: General Charles Napier had mustered every British solder he could lay hand on. To me it seemed a stroke of fate to make a real soldler of me

The expedition was no longer the concern only of the Queen, the big-wigs of the Company, and some battle-hungry troops. I was no wigs of the Company, and some battle-hungry troops I was no longer its chance conscript, blown along by a desert wind, and wor-ried about my skin. I was not sure that I loved Gerald any more, and quite confident that he did not love me, but he was some great, necessary underpinning of my walls.

All that I should be, he was in my stead; I, from the same loins, had escaped from the Law and the Love. My reverence for him was at once my mockery and pride. Amid the desperate brilliance and low-down grossness of my mind, it was my only jewel.

Our last day's march turned into a thirty-mile charge. What had wrought the change, marvellous to me, was the response of every English heart to the rumors and reports brought by native runners from the front.

Every successive word was worse. General Outram's little garrison at Hyderabad had been treacherously attacked by ten times its number of howling Baluch hillmen. Then, he had fought them off Now a horde of thirty thousand had come down to cut every white throat in Sind. Nothing stood between them and the samples of Outraw, handful of slaughter of Outram's handful Survivors and old, grey Charles Napier's histily rallied force of twenty-five hundred white and native foot soldiers.

When the English with whom I marched took thought of their prospects, how could they vision any save death? The thrilling wonder was, they calmly expected, by lending a hand to their hard-pressed countrymen, to share in a great

They were only three hundred or so—one company of Tommies, some casuals and new recruits, and a dozen officers. The news that spurred them forward would have turned back a Baluch force of many thousands.

thousands.

The hillmen were not cowards—their favorite death was in battle, praising Allah—but also they were not fools. Yet charging with the English were several sepoys and native baggage—handlers whose lives were dark, short, and cheap. Perhaps they considered them a cheap price to pay for the brief glory the tall men lent to them.

OUR little band joined Napier's meagre force at sundown, February 16, 1943. Able to speak Hindustani, but never having amelied a British battle, I was given a command somewhat larger than a junior subaltera's due, but the last pick of the army. It consisted of three English sergeants, same half-caste corporals, and a motley band of camel-drivers and cooks enlisted the week before. That the vilialrous company

cooks enlisted the week before. That the viliatious company should have a place in a British line would show the War Office. Huff-and-puff generals of the old school would get apoplectic seizures. Charley Napier cared little for that if the knaves could stand up to fire!

the knaves could stand up to fire!
Gerald's company was quariered
only four furlongs from our fires.
I did not go to see him, though,
partly because he would worry about
me in the soon-breaking battle,
mainly because his high principles
might worry and restrain me. Our
army—we called and even thought

of it as that-rested until the pre-dawn hours, then roused and dawn hours, marched,

I thought surely we were making I thought surely we were making for prepared entrenchments, there to form our square and hope to stand firm against the Balach charge. Instead it appeared that General Napier's mind had been denanged by our desperate situation, and, with illusions of Napoleonic grandeur, he was going to attack eleven times our number on their own ground!

At half-past eight in the morning, the vultures wheeling high, the heat waves beginning to shimmer, we caught sight of the vanguard of the Moslem host. We had to come we caught sight of the vanguard of the Moslem host. We had to come close to the bank of the Fullailee River, steeply raised above the plain, and over its summit loomed a long row of turbaned heads. Under each was a starry gleam of sunlight on a gun barrel—a pretty row of glit-ters—but its very neatness was a comfort to Sergeant Willis.

"The beggara've got their match-locks at dead rest," he told me, "'spectin' to make sure. They ain" 'aif as dangerous such wise, as if they had 'em handy across their

chests."

We formed our lines, our officers looking neat and debonair, and the pale Tommies able to joke, swear, and sigh for beer. When we were advancing at quick-step, a shout rose in our van, and the Cheshire Riffes rushed toward the river. At the same instant our gunners lashed their teams, dashied up the slope at one side and ahead of our column, and began massing our cannon—a total of twelve—on broad, almost level ground full on the summit and no doubt commanding the riverbed beyond.

No dust or smoke rose on the

No dust or amoke rose on the immit. The Baluch were waiting or the bayonet charge.

Running to keep close with the attackers, our rearguard was half-way up the hill when the first Baluch volley woke its thunders Gerald and his Cheshire brethren-

Gerald and his Cheshire brethren-in-arms had rushed within fifteen yards of the walting matchlocks. Even so, the Baluch moved too soon in bringing flame to powder, in some way misjudging the diatance or the speed of the attackers, be-cause the charge never balted, and only scattered beliefs dipped and disappeared from the front line.

A stiff line, almost as straight as though dressed for parade, it moved like a red scythe over the crest, then appeared to check briefly. Since no new voiley had been fired and the Baluch swordsman had not yet met the charge, none of us watchers from below knew the reason for the almost imperceptible pause.

amose imperceptione pause.

Actually, at that point in their advance our front ranks had come into view of the whole wide, deep, dry bed of the Fullailee. Therein the Baluch horde seemed at durbar rather than at war, well ordered save for its front rank of musketeers who had been balked and shamed by their futtle blast.

Of nearly thirty thousand Baluch, every one stood poised and, in one sense, posed Each knew his pride and declared it with haughty eyes, by the size and hue and style of his turban, and by the multicolors of his carments.

The Cheshtre Regiment that had selzed the III-guarded summit had become one will, one brain, it seemed one body. Below them, the vast hollow was filled and overflowing with individual swordsmen, each in extravagant knightly quest of glory or death.

Then the desert men raised their big black shields and, brandishing their swords and shouting the glory of Allah, charged the British line. I caught one clear glimpse of what seemed a rainbow-hued wave, just as it broke against an invisible beach of fiving lead. Franch bulker all of flying lend. Every bullet coolly aimed and fired from the bristling row of rifles cut gashes in the dense, howling mass.

Again and again the howling war-riors rushed our guns, to be blasted and blown away in batches. More

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tarther up, no doubt to attack gather horsemen, apparently late grank rode up and down the plain and by milling bands of foot partiers. It was then that my scurvy ed did a good turn for Gerald's

a swarm of Rohela fanatics, and a sas under hard attack. Our sas onder hard attack. Our may charge gave his panting summer time and room to reform. remite time and room to reform insight he caught a glimpse of se is the smoke and dust, and cerany I saw him. tall and fine, his emplete self-control not stiffening im but lending him something like amid the raving storm of

Then the enemy mass debouching in the plain caused our general attengthen his right wing. In caused our general his right wing. In I lost contact with movement. I lost contact with commanding officer, then my mas and then, it seemed, my

Gwing the wrong order, I found any platoon hanging like a broken and from the main trunk of our butalon, and before I knew it we minimum, and defore I knew h we mad been term off by a thousand beenes who had come from God her where Then, according to the Cale of War, we could be shot for

Our choice had been to try to mik back through the horde, our res sold cheap, or to sneak off— in any choice for me and my mon-nel pack flut we had not quit the size and wre merely absent with-in leave until we could find our way

The dust cloud, like a sandstorm in the desert, concealed us until we end find shelter in a dry water-course Peeping over the edge, I was sundering how we could conceal or shame, when a hard-riding banch foresamen, taking a short est modernly vanished from sight. No fusible he had fallen into a steep-sided millah crossing the open was

Our shallow watercourse led in at direction, and the nullah bed thi provide a safe path back to it lines. Beckening my men to line me, I led the tortuous way mil we found our vanished rider set his mount, lying dead on the bottom of what had once been an orgation canal.

Saidenly then a chance struck. It body of Baluch cavalry, after nucleimless galloping about, were made and the charge pass close to the upper end of

yelled to my knaves to show per raucal eleves to the foe, and as on as they did, all the charging disamen awaved in their course, the source of the first to wet his yes, the race of the fifty foremost. y close. Neck to ne he hars thundered over the plain.

Suddenly their howling vanguard of snother tune. No more they strangely shrill. The to stop, their hoofs throwing dust and frantic might behind m heaved them on.

The first Sity dropped out of sight the curious neatness and dispatch. I spain number atruggled ere they pile and not frequence over-time the pitfall. Then a score so rider catapulted over their rest hearn, beards and garments the threst sight of all for my street watchers.

At that the main body, balked and bemaned wheeled and made

had hardly my cuttation came tumbling in it fell before I knew what it pricked its bubble. The was much quieter than a while and vision much better.

the Baluch bosts on both banks desoived into ragged banks ting and filling, their numbers rawled by larger mobs stream out of the hollow to join them.

the scared vultures had come back and were wheeling high overhead. But all this had prevailed longer than I thought. Indeed, the thunders of battle had dwindled to mere noise before our messly com-pany had strayed far from our lines. The victory had been won before we had laid our trap!

we had laid our trap!

I began to feed the way back to
the British lines. At first we
squirmed along in fear of stray bullets; then in sick revulsion I stood
erect, so in what my superiors would
have to call good order, considering
our kind, we double-quicked it to
our place.

Some English officers, still utterly pukka in their coating of dust and soot, looked at us curiously. I found the major in command of our battallon, and saluted him.

"So you're back, Lieutenant Brook." His eyes had a cold shine. "Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, you saved something like six hundred cut-throats, by breaking als hundred cut-influed, by oreasing the necks of a hundred of their horses. Good stock too, those nippy Balluch shoras. You see, Brook, they had run amok—the beggars often do, when they'e lost a battle. We would've sent the whole lot to Paradise.

"They'd have sent a few Chris-tians to Heaven, sir, before they went."

THE major thought this over. It was in the way of a junior officer bandying words with his superior, but it also happened to be true. It was neither a quite pukka or quite soldierly reply, and indicative of the wrong attitude, but, after the state of the property was the difference of the property was true if the state of the state o all, war and cricket were two dif-

all, war and cricket were two dif-ferent things.

Changing the subject and his countenance, he told me that a written report would be required to explain the absence of my platoon from its place in the lines. Mean-while we could assist the stretcher-bearers in getting our wounded to a field bospital.

My spirits would have risen a little now, if my meeting with Gerald were not still ahead of me. I found him before long, unscratched but with a builet hole through his cap, and there was nothing but cap, and there was nothing but brotherly welcome in his somewhat boyish, handsome face. He told me I had given him the surprise of his life by my sudden appearance on the battlefield

me battlefield.

"When I saw your Johnnies popup in the field, I knew you were
up to a dodge," he went on, his fine
eyes glowing. "Gad, I wish I had
your quick wits."

your quick wits."

My shrunken heart swelled. I might have known that Gerald would stand up. Perhaps he stood taller in my sight because he had not overplayed his brotherly hand of course, he had not mentioned his promotion on the field from senior subaltern to captain, won by efficient leadership and quiet courage. When I did so, he seemed embarrassed.

The vast territory of Sind became British territory, after our defeat at Meeance. It broke upon me with a slight shock that this was the real reason for the battle: the design of masterly minds had been accom-

The "treacherous attack" of the emirs on General Outram was their barbarous way of objecting to him and General Charles Napler taking over the governing of their richest

domain.

The slight shock passed off. It was not a soldier's business to ask the right and wrong of his killing people, or being killed by them. The foc was the foc, and the Queen was the Queen, and orders were orders. Gerald was appointed captain to the uppercrust Tatta Lancers, burracked at Hyderabad, capital of Sind. I was set to loafing there, with the dismai feeling that I was again to be "rusticated," perhaps more politely than before, but as definitely.

Then to my inward upheaval, a

Then to my inward upheaval, a Colonel Jacob from Delhi, the guest of the General, invited me to his quarters in the former palace of the emirs, within the labyrinthean fort wide as a farm. He was a small, spare, quick-mov-

ing man, almost as brown as I, and not as completely pukka as I had feared. He talked a while of the battle, highly praising Gerald's part in it, and predicting a brilliant future for him in the service. As to my escapade—it was not the sort to appeal to the military mind.

It was coming now, I thought, but why by word of mouth from a high-ranking officer, instead of a terse communication from an adjutant?

'As it happened the C.G. hadn't been informed of that disused canal," Colonel Jacob remarked. "How did you come to know of it?"

"I saw one of the beggars fall in."

"A cat climbing a fence showed Tameriane how to storm the Raghis-tan." Colonel Jacob pronounced the well-known Arabic saying in the Arabian language.

Arahian language.

He did not look at me, It was my first inkling that he belonged to the Indian Survey. The outfit, like most secret organisations, had its little vanities and an excuse for histrionics. In this case they amounted to a thrilling challenge.

He was not trying to find out if I spoke Arabic. A sack of rupees to an anna-piece, he already knew. He wanted to know if I loved, and could play, the kind of game of wits that delights Orientals. If I had a cold, grown-up heart to such trifling, making a flat-footed direct reply to his indirect inquiry, I would be for-ever an alien in India.

"I beg your pardon," I remarked English after a long silence. "I us thinking of King Bruce's ideas."

"Arabia is the hub of the East," went on joyfully. "Of course it is a very useful language here in

"It is the mother and father of Urdu." I told him in that tongue Then, whipping to Hindi, "and there was an Arab in Kall's woodpile." Which was to say that the latter tongue contained many Arabic words.

All Orientals are show-offs, Jacob as boyishly delighted.

was boyishly delighted

"We've been wondering where to
put you for training," he remarked,
"There's no better hideout for an
individual than in an army uniform,
and you'd have it lively here in Sind,
with border raids, uprisings, and so
on for the next few years. Policing
with small detachments would be
enjoyable and informative. Spare
time can be well utilised in the holes
and alleys of Hyderabad. So, if you
like, you can be attached to brigade
headquarters as a reconnaissance hee, you can be attached to brigate headquarters as a reconnaissance officer, with special duty under Colonel Webb. For convenience you'll be billeted with the Tatta Lan-oers. Reconnaissance covers a mul-titude of sinx" cers. Recontinu

"I would like it very well indeed, but perhaps I would find more time for study if billeted with strangers Gerald and I find each other very good company.

It was a lame excuse, and if Colonel Jacob took it at face value, it might well annoy him. I wished I could reveal my real reason for I count reveal my rear reason for not wanting to mess with Gerald, that I would be in some fashion in his way, and he in mine. Maybe I had revealed it, without meaning to. The colonel had sharp, black eyes.

"The Tatta Lancers are the senior "The Tatta Lancers are the semior regiment in the brigade, and will have the best service," he said. "It happens, too, that Colonel Webb's adjutant, Major Graves, has a connection with the survey, and will appoint you interesting duties.
No one elss is to know of your connection—not even your brother Geraid." He paused

"Yes, sir."

"Subtlety is not his long sult—this is true of our most successful generals and administrators. I agree with you that close relatives should not always serve together." He added: "This arrangement is necessary, and I know it will be very pleasant."

He proved an excellent prophet, as far as the work and my associa-tion with Gerald was concerned. But tion with Gerald was concerned. But of the other officers, only Major Graves honored me with fellowship, itself never close because of the difference in our ranks. The rest accepted me as Gerald's foster brother, never as one of their own; my skin was too swarthy, and my features too alien to fit the sahib

Indeed, I had a slight clash with one of them, Clifford Holmes. The other officers gave me my every due in the field, but could not quite hide their relief at my avoidance of the social whirl, always busy sometimes dizzy among En-exiles in new-won native cities.

When it would presently boil over When it would presently boll over with the arrival of the Colonel's daughter from London. I intended to be chasing border thieves. Despite the temptation to defy their sahib conventions. I did not want to embarrass Gerald by seeming to need his defence.

meed his detende.

When he and I were in the field together, I was unreasonably and somewhat ashamedly happy. His tey, nerveless courage at once thrilled and chilled my spine.

thrilled and chilled my spine.

Meanwhile, I was making increasingly bold excursions in native dress. These were part of my training and testing: if I demonstrated a flare for the masquerade, I would be ten times as useful to the Survey. From the holes and corners of Hyderabad I was already bringing trifles of news to Major Graves. I sometimes kept a secret overhead, and, riding far with a handful of troopers, changed the minds of one or two would-be rebels. would-be rebels

would-be rebeis.
Once a pocket piece rubbed by a
Gypsy almost overworked its charm.
A venerable-looking Rind hadji,
captured hands-down astride our
Lieutenant-Colonel's favorie mare,
proved to be Kambur Melik, a cutthroat of some note, and a real thorn in the regiment's side.

At meas that night, Gerald was put in the shade by his lowly half-brother. That night, too, I was given a strange character-reading by a messmate, Lieutenant the Honorable Henry Bingham, the younger son of a peer, and a close friend of Gerald.

of Gerald.

Happily the Colonel had gone and
the ceremonies done when the
memorable incident occurred. The
officers had pushed their chairs
back from the table and were talk-

back from the table and were talk-ing in groups.

Henry had drunk more deeply than we had yet seen. His high-bred countenance was flushed and his hands unsteady. Sitting close, with an effect of hovering over him, was Clifford Holimes. At its outer edge sat Gerald, quiet toouter edge sat Gerald, quiet to-night, but quite sober. It came to me that he, too, took pride and pleasure in my exploit, but had been made a little self-conscious by his temporary eclipse.

Major Graves, primed almost to the muzzle on brandy and champagne, was mak-ing too much of the incident. I ing too much of the incident. I had tried in vain to change the subject, and again had patiently insisted that I had not recognised Kambar Melik previous to his capture, that I had only spotted the stolen mare, and that he had surrendered as tamely as a low-caste hasaar this.

"You're being unduly modest, Rom," Holmes commented in a clipped tone. "No doubt the fellow recognised you and thought, What's the use?' The same indomitable sahib who almost single-handed broke the charge of the Emir's lash-kar!'

"T saw that charge, Cliff," Graves broke in "I don't believe you had the pleasure. Don't make the mis-take of underrating anything about it, including Rom's contribution. A real gift for this trade of ours isn't always easy to spot. He's a real Jangi sawar."

"And besides that," Henry Bing-m added, speaking slowly and ham added, speaking slowly and distinctly, his glazed eyes on mine, "a subtle, scheming, sinister son-

of-a.—."

Somewhere somebody gasped. then a dead silence feil. I broke it as softly as I could.

"You're not in your right mind. Bingham, just now."

I drained my glass—that seemed a necessary gesture—and rose. As I turned to go out, I heard the scrape of Gerald's chair as he, too, started to rise, but I did not want him to follow, an overt act of championing

me, and told him so with a glauce and a suggestion of a shake of my head. Then I went to my quarters to wait the next move in the game.

It was Henry's move, and every man knew it. In the end he would have to make his word good or con-fess to a drunken lie.

There was no sound from the mess hall. I took it that he was waiting, with growing anxiety, in case I should return. No such fool, I gave him an hour to put in an appear-ance, then undressed for bed. him an hour to put in an appear-ance, then undressed for bed. Shortly thereafter I heard someone going out the front door, and I reasoned that it was Henry, about to take a solitary walk. I went to sleep listening for his return.

With the first blue-grey glimmer through the window, Henry came to my door. He touched it lightly; I rose, lighted a lamp with a friction match, and let him in.

His boyish face was drawn, but his eyes were shining in sign of some notable victory.

"Tve come to apologise, of course, Rom," he said, "I wanted to hours ago, but I couldn't quite fetch it then. When I finally decided to, I was happy! And it's so much easier than I ever hoped."

"I accept it with deep thanks Have a chair and a pipe."

Have a chair and a pipe."

He sat down, his hands on his knees, gazing at the floor. "Of course, that doesn't square it." he went on presently. "I'm going to apologise to the whole mess."

"Don't." I said. "The Colonel had gone—the mess was not in assembly. Besides that—I want to say this just right—I don't want to make you say what you may think is a lie. I wouldn't profit by it, in the long run. Your only offence was expressing an opinion which if you'd stayed sober, you'd have concealed.
"I had no right to that opinion. You've never harmed anyone that I know of—you've been a brave, able

You've hever harmed snyone that I know of -you've been a brave, able soldier. If It's on account of my rank, such as it is, that you're going to take what I did to you..." He stopped and turned red, "I mean—if you're being a gentleman..."

"I can never be a gentleman.
"I can never be a gentleman,
Henry, God forbid I should try."
"I mean, that silly code that a
gentleman can't have it out with
anyone but an equal—" Again he
stopped in embarrassment.
"Weil, I've already apologised for
what I called you—the name, I mean
—and I'd like to take it back. I
know it ign't an'

know it isn't so

know it isn't so."
"Thanks, but I'm not at all sure."
'If you say so I'll ask the Colonel
to have me assigned somewhere else,
for the good of the regiment."
"If you were out to smash my
career in India, that would be the

surest way. 'The rotten little cad who got Bingham shipped out.' Gerald would feel duty-bound to stand up for me, so he'd be done in

too."
"Right you are. Not a doubt of it. Well, how am I going to get my towel?"
"I don't know what you mean."
"My ribroast. I've got to have it, or be a stinker. Oh, dash it, Rom—you hever went to public school."

'No, sir."
'What you admire in the British sahib is mainly a well-dusted jacket by headmaster. You obey the rules, or you catch it, By Gad, I've got

it."

His roving eye caught sight of a Malacca cane leaning inside the open door of my closet. He fetched it and handed it to me.

"One lusty lick across the shoulders if you please."

"No, thanks."

I mean it Rom, he told me with

"No, thanks."
"I mean it, Rom," he told me with a grave voice and tone, "And a real slinger, not a token There's more to this than meets the eye."
"Very well." I struck him hard. He stretched, shivering a little." Are we friends now, old man?"
"If I may say so, I'm damned glad I haven't got you for an enemy. Maybe that was what didn't meet the eye—yours and mine, too—the real what's what behind my fine contribun, I wonder I do, indeed In any event, I made a mistake."

He grinned and waved and went his way.

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GYPSY SIXPENCE-PART I

I would go mine shortly, I thought, It would not be with Henry Bing-ham and Gerald and the other gentlemen of the Tatta Lancera.

When, soon thereafter, I told Major Graves that I would like to be detached for full-time operation in the Survey, he replied that I was quite eligible and he would arrange quite eligible and he would arrange it when the horder quieted a little more. Until then, the C.G. could not spare me. Actually he had been quite gratified by my arrest of Kam-bar Melik—I had the makings of a good reconnaissance officer and I would come in handy if and when the Baluch rode again.

In Baluen rode again.

I was enjoying my lunely sport and regretted cutting it short to be present at a parade in honor of a dignitary who had escorted the Colonel's daughter, Miss Sukey Webb, up from Bombay Fresh from school, egg-fresh out from England, she was to be honored with a regimental ball, to take place in Nazir Khan's former throne-room within the fort. within the fort.

within the fort.

The scandalous rumor that Sukey had been an ugly duckling—treckled and gawky with butter-colored hair could not reduce her importance as soon mistress of the widowed Colonel's house, and hence the first lady of the regiment. Her name, suggestive of a cow, despite its honorable antiquity among English names, was to be treated with great-respect.

respect.

She would have to be a real fright not to dazzle the regiment. Middle-aged wives could not drop in at our clubrooms without being surrounded by half a dozen officers with moony eyes. That she would receive othe or more proposals in her first month at the station was a safe bet. er first month at the station was safe bet. I had intended to stay away from

the bull, and might have done so if I had not heard a scrap of talk in the guest parlor. The speaker was the wife of our second-in-com-

Thope he has the grace not to me," she mouthed to the majors'

come," she mouthed to the majora wives.

I need not think she was referring to me, even while I knew it. Indeed, I was more than half-convinced that she had meant for me to hear. Bit I had wanted to go, anyway, after my first glimpse of Sukey.

The ugly duckling had not grown into a swan. Although her figure was fine and tall, and her stride long and light, she stood in such awkward positions that "gawky" was the right word for her still. Her hair was the color of yellow butter from grassfed cows, too far from red, even too smooth-looking to deserve the description "golden."

Far from ugly, indeed striking-looking from a distance, she would be called moderately pretty by a disinterested observer. There was nothing remarkable about her oval-shaped face, with blue eyes of ordinary brilliance, and nose a little stubbler, a trife less delicate and high than most noses on English ladies.

After being presented to her, ere

ladies
After being presented to her, ere
the trumpet sounded for the Grand
March, I found myself interested in
her mouth Of no marked beauty of
shape or color, it was the chie, perhaps the givesway, to a character
different enough from that of most
colonel's daughters—complex enough
to interest an odd fish who liked to
think he could look deeper than
the skin.

Without being very full, her lips without being very hus, her lips hinted sensuousness. Their similes were almost painfully bright, I thought: she seemed very anxious to please. When she was not smiling, they were slightly pursed, giving her countenance not a petulant but a wristful arrossion. wistful expression.

It came to me that she was inor-It came to me that she was mordinately shy and doing her utmost to conceal the fact. Her laughter was nervous and a little harsh; she flushed frequently and not very becomingly. During the Grand March played by one regimental band, the Colonel often whispered frantic instructions, and gave her not very subtle thrusts and tugs. This ought to have fed my cur-dog malice, hungry on this night. In-

malice, hungry on this night. In-stead I resented the knowing glances between some of the other women,

especially middle-aged tabbles especially middle-aged induces with were "second mothers" to Henry. I was pulling for her, without know-ing why, and was pleasantly sur-prised when three or four of our very best seemed greatly taken with her. One of these was Henry, and another Gerald

another Geraid.
With good partners, Sukey danced awkwardly at first, then moved with grace and besuty. I was proud of the couple that Geraid and she made, both so tall and fine, but I found myself jealous, the jealousy aggravated by apite, I had not had a white girl in my arms aince setting foot on India's strand.

True, my turn with her was coming. Our programmes had provided full sets of partners for the numbered dances, every bachelor having at least one with the guest of honor. However, I had been awarded a minuet, the least intimate of dances

minuet, the least intimate of dances.
Our beefy regimental band was playing marches, quadrilles, and minuets, but in between these a civilian orchestra of drums, flutes, and fiddles, led by a quite remarkable half-caste harpits, played extra waltes and wildly popular polkss with areast, verue. with great verve.

I might have resisted temptation if my pocket piece had let well-enough alone. It bumped me up against Gerald, at the same time reminding me how he fancied him-self as a minueter. Before he knew it, I had offered him my turn with subsets if he had on "syrine" with Sukey if he had an "extra her to give me in exchange,

He did have, to his boyish joy. The charm continued to work when I questioned De Silva, the orchestra leader, as to his repertoire. When he mentioned "Arkany" the Devil came forth from behind me bold as

hrass.

While technically a Hungarian galop, suited to the burly, innocent galloping popular in England, it had all the flery beauty of a Gypsy tune. When the time came, he announced a "galop," at which the eager couples bustled to the floor. Little did they know what they were in for!

Although not in the least aloof, Sukey was tongue-tied when I led her out. Her long legs were loath to limber, or her big freet to follow mine. However, she knew the step, and there was witchery even in the opening passages. Some couples who had expected only hard, healthy, pleasant exercise left the floor.

The witchery began to take hold my hitherto proper partner. I as helping it along by my own astraint—dancing as well as I could

while minding my manners.

She flushed, gave one worried glance at the spectators, then unpinned her bones. They became wonderfully nimble and her bond muscles thrillingly lithe. Her body's surrender to the barbarous music began to effect a change greater than this—one that I had divined, but not consciously foreseen.

HERE was wak-ing in her a vitality out of place in this staid society, and of which she was frightened and ashamed. Her attempt to repress and con-ceal it was, of course, the real cause of her gawkiness. Her shyness was nothing else than fear of being her-

sell.

As for me, I forgot where I was.
We were dancing the Arkany as
might Albanian mountaineers, late
at night under the harvest moon,
and I was making love to her in
a profoundly primitive way, whether
or not the unlookers knew it.

There were many onlookers now.

or not the onlookers knew it.

There were many onlookers now, and their number was increasing—some of the more proper couples had stopped dencing to watch what they vaguely felt was a scandalous display. I felt their gaze, but ignored it. Sukey felt it, too, and knew what was happening, still she did not stop. The reason was she could not. She was caught up in that flood and transported by it.

At the last crashing cord I swung up my partner and kissed her on the mouth—as though this were a Magyar camival and her lips

carnival-and

more than a Gypsy and his stolen queen could raise.

queen could raise.

Two faces among the throng stood out from the rest. They seemed to, because my gaze went searching for them in unseemly haste. One was Gerald's. Inevitably I should look at his first; If he were amiling, I would not care about any of the others for my own sake. He was—but I had rather he had frowned! A frozen smile, for all the others to see, was like a grimace on his pale face.

The Colonel's big, broad face was d. Very soon—perhaps in a few nds—that heat would start a

fire.

I was walking towards him through what seemed a brittle silence, Sukey's hand on my arm and her head high, when Clifford Holmes spoke in low, biting tones.

"You're quite a dancer, Rom."

At that instant Henry Bingham stepped out from a cluster of officers standing near the Colonel. "Colonel, may a mere subaltern make a remark eminently called for?" he asked in a clear, cheerful

"Why, certainly—"
"Then I want to speak for the whole assembly in thanking our guest of honor and my friend and messmate Rom Brook for the greatmeasmate Rom Brook for the great-est delight of the night. As you know, a military ball is likely to be deadly. This one could not help but be a success, with such an inspira-tion as Miss Webb, and now she has multiplied our pride many times."

He turned to me. "Rom, old trooper, seeing you harrying the beathen, I never dreamed you could so distinguish yourself in a ball-room. Laddes and gentlemen, give me the honor of leading you in applause!"

Two or three officers

applause!"
Two or three officers clapped loudly, with cries of "Hear, hear!"
Most of the rest of the applause was a frightened flutter. All the apectators believed that he had leaped into an "imminent deadly breach" to save everybody's face.

I stayed at the ball just long enough to show flying colors, then made for the canteen. Presently Major Graves joined me there, grinning from ear to ear.

"You won't get shipped—straight off," he told me.

"You could lay plenty of bets on that."

that "Partly for that very reason, you'll be among us a good while yet. Our good Colonel can hardly maintain that some high-stepping in a ball-room will militate against our quieting the border. Also the C.G. is a good old sport with his own fame to look to. When the word trickled from here to Burma, as it would in this gossip-starved empire, that a brigadier-general shipped out the capturer of Kambar Melik for prancing about with a colonel's daughter, capturer of Kambur Menk for pranc-ing about with a colonel's daughter, he'd never hear the end of It. Briga-dier-generals may seem omnipotent gods—but they ain't."

However, he went on to say, if I applied for transfer, say within six weeks, I would doubtless receive a

weeks, I would doubtless receive a good hearing.

His opinion, usually sound, was remarkably pleasant to hear. My defiance of the Colonel's stuffiness had cooled—I dreaded public rebuke in the form of transfer—and there might be another reason for my

I did not look for this, instead looked away, yet it appeared and disappeared in the deep of my mind like an underwater shadow that might or might not have solid shape. After waking from a procession of wild dreams in the last hours of the night, I could no longer doubt its reality.

Juvena's child pining for a mem

Juvena's child pining for a memsahib mate! The demented joke
would fit so well into the grotesque
pattern of my fote.

My next glimpte of Sukey was at
a distance, as she rode with Henry
Bingham What happened was
amazingly urival for me to note so
carefully and remember so longmerely his seeing me first, calling
her attention to me, the quick, perhaps eager, turning of her head
and her high-spirited wave.

At my next sight of her she was
having tea with Clifford Holmes,
in our guest parlor. The next day
I saw her playing skittles with
Gerald on the green laid out in the
Emir's garden. His fatuous busying

about her invoked my rihald grin.

But when I strolled to the edge of the green, the scene ceased to be laughable. Sukey gave me one of throw was stiff and awkward. Gerald appeared to catch her embarrassment and talked rather feveriahly. I snatched in van at my old trusted down-to-earthness, a quite different thing from cynicism that had saved me so many falls.

me so many falls.

The sky was much too blue, the flowers too gaudy, the wistfulness of her expression too lovely.

Sukey, do you repent your fling with me? What has embarrassed you? Is all not beer and skittles with the Colonel's daughter, now

with the Colonel's daughter, now I have shown my swarthy face? And suddently I found myself speaking, "Sukey, you dance better than you play skittles."

EVEN now I was proud of my clever tongue and of the casual tone that made the insolence all the more marked. Merely calling her by her first name was a barbed reminder of a secret intimacy. It stung Gerald in a tender spot, he stiffened and smiled a sickly myster and the secret of the stiffened and smiled a sickly myster and the stiffened and smiled a sickly myster and the stiffened and smiled a sickly myster and the secret of the stiffened and smiled a sickly myster and the secret of th smile But I could not understand Sukey's response. It was as though I had fired at point-blank range and

missed.

Her color rose a little, and she made a sound that could only be called a gisgle. Perhapo it was a nervous giggle, but I would have taken it for a happy one.

"Romulus, don't you dare mention that scandalous affair again," she said, looking me full in the face. "I almost get sent back to England." Maybe she was an able actress, in a pinch. I laid aside a load of some sort, felt a real grin on my face, and answered in pleasant kind. "I wonder why I wasn't sent to Timberto."

Oh, Daddy didn't blame you He on Database you have said you'd been a perfect gentleman, if I hadn't led you. Then he remarked—after a little furning—that when he was a young man in the Peninsular War he cut quite a figure dancing the Spanish bolero."

I was quite sure this was an in-

dancing the Spanish bolero." I was quite sure this was an in-genious lie. For whose benefit it was told, Gerald's, or mine, or her own, I could not decide. "But it would be cool and nice in England," she went on. "Gerald, if I play any more, I'm going to melt. Will you get me my parasol? It's in my ricksha."

my ricksha"

Gerald seemed relieved to run the errand. He was barely out of hearing of her low tone when she turned eyes to mine and spoke ten-"It was your fault, wasn't it?" wide eyes to mine

You started it, anyway. Why did

you?"
"I don't know. I don't remember any motive other than trying to beat out Clifford Holmes."
She drew a deep breath "You've made no effort since, You're not interested, and that's all right. I'm not either, particularly no other man at the station would be mean at the station would be mean

man at the station would be mean enough to work that pools on me."

Pools was a Hindustani word meaning witchcraft: I was a little surprised that she knew it and amazed by her use of it in this

marzed by her use of the way.

"No, the others are too gentle-manly." I answered "Maybe if we could have a talk."

"What about?" she asked sharply. "About us. I have a feeling it's important. Anyway, it would be interesting."

"When and where?"

"When you haven't an engagement.

"When you haven't an engagement and can run into me somewhere."
"In plain words, you're asking me to meet you on the sly."
"I'll meet you on the church roof if you say so. I was thinking that if we made a formal engagement—and your father found out about it too late, he wouldn't like it. Isn't it agreed I'm to be kept at a distance?"
"Why ask such a silly question?

like it. Isn't it agreed the left is a distance?"

"Why ask such a silly question? You're to be completely ignored. Well, here comes Gerald—"

"Can you go sight-seeing to the Nirum ruins to-morrow morning at ten? The section's policed and perfectly safe."

"Til be in ruins if I'm caught," she told me, her eyes suddenly dancing.

dancing.
I was amazed, next day, at the

excited interest I found mysel taking in the ruins. It did not matter now whether she came or not I almost said so aloud, to resum my palpitating heart and to set

my palpitating heart and to sen my stomach.

On a hillside, in a densely populate section of the city, the ancon rubble had been undisturbed a though cursed by an afrit. I may mains of Mohammedan grave under shabby cypress behind a waller court, and their veueration long as might have built up a taboo.

might have built up a labor.

A hired doolle, with unlivered bearers, turned in the tumble-down archway. Out of it came Saker and if I had expected her is to changed back from the way she had looked last, I was a fool. I might be looking at her through rory specially but it seemed with fresh washed, wide-open eyes that say her move and stand and walk his new way and rejoiced in every

her move and stand and walk in a new way and refolced in ever little thing about her.

I led her through a quesn's go-of long-ago into the ruined com.
We sat down on a stone bench I had dusted for her.

"I should confess to somebody the I've no business coming here in obviously you're not the one the

'No, since I'm your pariner in

"I should also have some son of excitee, but I can't think of any I I got caught, I wouldn't have ye to stand on. All Papas worne about me would be proven justified."

"What worries"
"That's a deep family serret Nov
I want to tell you something. We
is it—and this isn't as easy at i
thought—why is it I have to me
you on the sly? All Papa said wayou aren't our sort. Of come you
knew he felt that way, but it migh
hurt your feelings to have me come
out with it—"

I laughed at her, entirely real laughter.

"Oh, I'm glad you did that as went on. "I can talk so mad better But, Rom. I want to kee why you aren't our sort. If see don't tell me, I'll have to go a

"I suppose you, too, know I'm nat
"Well—I suppose—I do But I
don't know why. You're the best
educated man on the post—Hear
told me so. You're Gerald's linmann, and he's the acme of respetability. You're a very meents
officer—Papa admitted that. Ciford Holmes hates you—I know tha
from what he said after we dance.
I tried to work it around a gehim to tell me why, but he donbeing very ethical and gettlemah.
Are you going to tell me what you'
have you going to tell me what you'
have you going to tell me what you'
have you not our sort?"
"What do you think?"
"I thought the first thing bay
would pop into the head of an
girl who was born in India.
"Pardon me a mitute."
"I was, and lived here until I we
eleven; years old."
"What popped into your head su
that I am a "boy of the commit
Well. I'm not. I was horn in the
States." "I suppose you, too, know I'm mi."

that I am a boy of the country Well. I'm not. I was horn in the States."

"You've got some kind of forein blood, though."

"One of my ancestors may law come from the Balkan Penindla You know all kinds of people stuke in the States. Also, I want born with a silver spoon in my month. She considered a long time the shook her head. "If that's all it I might disagree with Papa. I wantake their own way. But his make their own way. But his make their own way. But his wouldn't have made in dance it way we did. It was a wickel dann, and you know it. It wouldn't accomplashkar in the ditch."

"Who told you about that? It not often mentioned at the point was tricket and the butter with the single property of the mentioned at the point was tricket and the butter was tricket and tricket

"Who told you about that? In not often mentioned at the positive and the probably think I'm a foolism not sure it would account by your capture of Kambar Melik Yasaught him defenceless, on a sales horse, and you hadn't even reomised him—so you said.

"It was a little too lucky, want it, to happen to one of your said.

it, to happen to one of your sert?
"That's what I mean. The restruth was you used your imagina-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERELY - August 20.

mand cunning and maybe wicked negry you didn't dare confess; of for certain reasons—maybe or certain reasons—maybe Lyou refused to take any you might deserve. Well, that, light have been the cunning he Dovil Anyway, you're not a his poor relation with some eigh blood. It's much worse in that It may be something

agful me trouble was not with her sit or her voice but with her such it was becoming curiously in There was a strain in her face when a traveller tries to employ tie-known language, or instance what, Sukey?" I

used.
"For instance"—whipping to Hin-miant her words rolled free—thou hat sold thy soul to Shaitan." She could not have said this in

she would not have revealed her she would not have revealed her mastery of Hindi to any other officer

What don't thou know of Shai-

what my ayah told me when very little. She said that ery little. She said that does not come to one, but es to him, perhaps in a when heartbroken as a man of the state o

Is shot my head.

I shot my head.

Nay It be true I know him well, and often do his work. I may be caugit even row. But I am yet in the other camp."

It is only idle talk—khel kud."

Sukey's vocabulary was over my

bad. I thought that khel kud meant "amusement."
Thy tongue is too swift and mining Princess, for one of my cut with thou speak in my salve tonne yet not hide your haughis from me?"

lke, Rom, But I'm afraid Hindi thoughts in Eng-sound so silly."

They won't sound silly to me Thoped they wouldn't I'll try
as to be embarrassed."

What made you think I might
be among the damned?"

Your appearance, I suppose, Eyes porarance, I suppose Eyes
the bones of your face. At
the poretty wicked-hooking
lanned wickedly. You didit. A girl raised in Engidn't know it, but I was nied by syahs all around India. "I know what it is now, Sukey,"
"I know what it is now, Sukey,"
"I her I was marked for the
bed, perhaps—he does a lot to
me and I do a lot for him—bu
sten I'm tempted to sell out to There's someone in the

Does Gerald know it?"

"His laws for you?"
"Oh, no. Heavens no. My love for

housand people can love us with-in changing us a particle. It's our was then that does the trick." Her mind took a long leap. I could us it in how face.

her face. er tell you something I'm long to marry a completely pulkias and That's why I'm in Hydera-ma, I'i don't land one here. I'll go bee pec to post until I do. That's a stiled thing. It's my kismet—it has been ever since—well—almost. I'm been ever since—well—almost. I'm been ever since—well—almost.

Do you think I could possibly in-

The positive you couldn't. No one the world could." She considered rating "But you might have an het on my attitude toward it—d thursfore on its success." Tor good or ill?"

ould I mean anything but

I once looked at an old With wooden covers, in a shop Marsellies. It seemed to be a diral book Actually it was a work magic by a medieval might be 'tother way me Instead of reducing a for future happiness. 'em.

m, what are you saying?"
though we could dance a little
I would expect to fall in love
you, without the least notion
we returning the compliment. wid be a compliment, wouldn't I've hever been in love. Until

In fact, I intended to avoid the malady, because it might cripple me. It wouldn't cripple me to fall hopelessly in love with you. It would strengthen me."

nopelessy in love with you. It would strengthen me."
"You're either lying—with awful wickedness—or you don't know what you're asying." There was a working of the muscles in her throat. "I'm not lying that I know of. I'd gladly stand the pangs; and wouldn't it give you something that you need for a successful marriage with a pukka sahib? Confidence—or content? You've got a wild streak in you, Sukey—otherwise you wouldn't be here. You rebel against your Pa and all he stands for That caused you to be attracted to a vagabond like me. In a sense you would sow your wild oats, with no vagationd like me. In a sense you would sow your wild oats, with no harm done, but you'd find out that the pukka sahibs are your best bet ten times over I've got a little something they haven't, but they have all the best things. You'd marry one, and be glad you'd got him, and never look back." back

I paused Sukey had moved her hand and had laid it on my arm. She was breathing slowly and

I want to enrich my life." I w a want to enrich my life." I went on, "because it's very poor. All I have of any worth is Gerald. I haven't any other loyalty, and my struggle has no meaning. I want love in my heart for you. I want to love you with all my heart—and I will."

th was as though the whirling loops of the Arkany were around us again. I was caught up in that exultation native to the South. Sukey was responding to it, and a wonderful thing might happen What did happen was so strange only because it was so mundane.

A native youth wearing dirty rags came into the court, his hand out-stretched and cupped. "Baksheesh, Protector of the Poor," he whined. "My mother is sick, my father is rving—"
"Bas karo [enough]!"

"Bas karo (enough)!"
I had tossed him an anna-piece
and was about to shout "Jao Ibegone]!" when Sukey addressed him
with what seemed unnecessary
harshness Apparently she was angry
over the interruption—a good omen
to me

"Be merciful, memsahib," he went "He merciful, memsahib, he went on almost weeping. "The sahibs on the street gave me nothing but angry words. Ask them, for they will be here in a little while. But he is a rich man..."

he is a rich man—"
"What sahibs are coming this
way? Speak quickly."
"The book-reader, with the great
beard, and an officer of the Rani.
They have stopped to look at the
Mossure."

bearded bookman was obviously Dr. Ludlow, a German archae-ologist touring India, at present a guest of the Resident. I had hoped to meet him, but not here and

him upon my neck like the Old Man nim upon my next like the Old Main of the Sea—and sped him on his way. Sukey had already lifted her skirt to run. But, as though pausing in flight, she threw one arm around my neck and gave me a brisk, cheerful, but unmistakably ardent kiss.

OFTEN Sukey came to our guest parlor, tea tables, and skittles green, but the days went by without our having even a moment's private conversation. Such opportunities as I tried to make she airily ignored. Meanwhile she was reveiling in the ardent wooling of Clifford Holmes, the boyish homage of Henry Bingham, and occasional romantic squiring of Gerald.

About a fortnight after our meeting. I looked for her in our clubrooms, caught ber gaze, and firmly led it to the door of the cubbyhole we called the library. My gesture in that direction was reckless enough to worry her. While I stood emong the dusty, battered books, she burst in, pretty and gay and smiling.

"Rom, this is a bit ticklish," she

"Rom, this is a bit ticklish," she told me cheerfully. "I can only stay a minute..."

"Pirst, I wanted to ask you if you'd seen any more of that native that followed us into the Nirum

She looked startled. "Why, no."
"I have, I caught a glimpse of him
on the road and got the impression

he was following me. He'd changed to a Mohammedan and was better

"I fancy he was off duty. Mohammedan beggars often dress as Hin-dus to cover the field. Possibly he was following you, intending to tip off some beggar friend of his and split the take."

split the take."
"I thought he might be hoping for a little blackmail and had dropped a hint to you. When he mentioned seeing the sahibs that day, we thought it was a lucky accident, but he wouldn't have had to be very cunning to realise we were meeting on the sly."

"You mean he passed up imme-diate reward, hoping to catch u-later in a more compromising situation? It's a good thing we had sense enough not to try to meet

"I didn't have that much sense, as you call it. I haven't now. When and where can we meet?"

She gave me a small, quite lovely mile. "I don't know when, if

"So you're not going to be foolish or run any risk of a slip-up in your campaign," I said. "That would stand to reason, Rom.

It's going quite well. I'm almost certain of landing Clifford, even if Henry gets away."

"How about Gerald? Isn't he in

"How about Gerald? Isn't he in the running?"
"No. If you think otherwise, you're mistaken."
"Yet you met me here to hear what I had to say. I owe you something for that."
"Well, I owe you something for making me popular. You did it, whether you know it or not—by indirect means you didn't intend and wouldn't understand."
"So we're even, except for one

"So we're even, except for one debt. You may want to forget it, but no person who puts someone in debt can honorably refuse payment."

debt can honorably refuse payment."
"That's quite true," she said
thoughtfully, her eyes on mine.
"Well, here it is."
I put my arms around her and my
mouth against hers, she did not
realst the action, only stood still
as though waiting. Then we were
kissing in hunger and deep thirst,
all else paled into eclipse, until st.
length Sukey flung out of my arms.
She stood facing the door as her.

She stood facing the door as her hands moved quickly at her hair and the ruffles of her dress. Her beauty was so apparent to me now,

like the sudden blossoming of a deep-rooted plant in perfect weather. Then her voice flowed quietly bearing a little sadness but no re-

You are a cur, aren't you, Rom? she said. "So in future I'll take the kind of love Gerald could give me —that I think Henry does give me It doesn't lay traps for me. It doesn't try to make me bad. It

doesn't try to make me bad. It wants to honor, not dishonor, me."
"In my heart—no, I mean in my best judgment—I believe you're right. You should renounce me and all the love I might give you. But sat the love I might give you. But I want you to remember what you said just before this happened— that I had mide you popular. You said it was by indirect means. I wouldn't understand, Did you mean that I'd when your orders.

that I'd given you confidence?"
"I daresay I did mean that— "Did you mean, too, that I'd made you beautiful?"

"You look so frightened. You needn't—it wasn't witchcraft."
"How could you make me beautiful? That's more of your trickery with words. It desuit make sense."
"Is it true, Sukey?"

"Is it true, Sukey?"
"Whatever you did, it was not for my good. It was for my ill."
"I gave you beauty, Sukey, and I gave you bliss. Do you deny it?"
"No, but I renounce it."
With her eyes deep and still on mine, she drew the back of her hand hard-pressed across her mouth.
If disappointed in love, the English sahly look one of several lawful

If disappointed in love, the Eng-ish sahib took one of several lawful courses. One was to get and stay drunk, Another, barely resorted to, was to nurse a broken heart with a mellowing melancholy. The best course was to lose one's self in work and seek consolation in its rewards. In very rare instances, yet by no means unheard of, a perfectly pukka rejected lover* sought death in battle.

In my case, there was a temp-

MARSHALL EDISON

tation to drift with the tide of de feat—a pull on my mind toward apathy. Why not get into Moslem dress and vanish down the road? By first going to the proper bother of resigning my commission, I could disappear into the limbo of gonedisappear into the immo of gone-native white men, without causing Gerald or the Indian Government any great trouble.

A squirmy disgust with myself underlaid all my thoughts and hopes

So it was with a surge of gratitude that in a crowded bazzar I again caught a glimpse of the native youth who had followed Sukey and me into the ruins. Plainly he was devoting to me determined and expert atten-tions that had nothing to do with

up of my self-esteem, every visits had a new and brighter aspect. I fixed my attention on this matter

like a dog's on a bone.

It seemed quite possible that the rather handsome young native might be a bired assassin. However, Major Graves ventured the opinion

might be a hired assassin. However, Major Graves ventured the opinion that the fellow might not be a mere professional murderer, but a trusted agent of the Grand Visier to Nazir Khan, Emir of Baluchistan,

"I don't quite believe it, though," Graves said thoughtfully, "The ditchepisode, along with catching Kambar Melik, is growing into a legend—you could expect nothing else on the desert—and if the billimen could come on you in the field, they'd cut your throat before you could cheep. Every serdar (chieffain) is eager for the honor. But Nazir Khan is known to have sporting instincts, and I fancy he wants you alive until you can be done in with some celat. By the way, Brook—you haven't raided any harems, lately?"

"Nary one."

"Or mortally insulted some influential Mussulman?"

"Nt may be a big thing Anyway, a Jolly interesting job for you. You're to find out who the johnny is, what he's up to, who hired him, and so on up. The trail might lead to some big hakims who prefend to be our friends. Rung ho and be careful."

on up. The trail might lead to some big hakims who pretend to be our friends. Rung ho and be careful."

A good Irailer, the spy seemed interested in everything I did while off duty. After two cautious night excursions with Graves in his all-but-invisible company, we falled to keep an appointment he had heard us make.

us make.

In Mohammedan dress, ready a

In Mohammedan dress, ready as an actor in the wings, I fell in behind him, when, discouraged he wandered off. It was no trick to dog him to a nearby coffee-shop where he drank and smoked and gossiped with some familiars, one of whom addressed him as Hamyd.

After ioitering a while on the street, I was again his unseen escort when he took a puzzling course. He seemed to be making for our regimental quarters. Turning into the postern gate, he was challenged by a sepoy sentry. Evidently he knew the password, for he continued up the car road toward the family bungalows.

I decided to risk recognition by I decided to risk recognition by following on, because I had business with him if my present angry guess, proved true. That guess was he was neither an assassin nor a dangerous spy, but a professional informer put on my trail.

spy, but a professional informer put on my trail.

At the gaic I gave the password and told the guard I was a new khadim of Graves Sahib. Then I lost sight of Hamyd in the tricky moonlight, only to see his shadow flick in an alleyway as he passed a watchfire. My breath caught, and went out in a long sigh. Obviously now he was making for the big bungalow at the head of the row, the quarters of Colonel Webb.

The spy had encircled the house and rather stealthily. I thought, had entered the compound. Was the

and rather steadardly, I thought, had entered the compound. Was the pulka Colonel going to meet him in the dark? He spoke briefly to a sweeper or chokidar, who disap-peared inside the house. Presently a rear door opened narrowly, as someone came out. The figure was too slender to be the Colonel's, and the lamplight in the doorway limned Sukey was not merely carrying a message from her father. As she and her spy whispered together, their very postures indicated mutual and friendship. ched his forehead and hurried

Now was my time to be gone, before I made some sickening mis-take. I was not in any state to think clearly and act intelligently I waited five minutes drippins sweat, then approached the same chokidar squatted with a cherool at the gate of the compound.

"I come from Hamyd," I told him in Hindustani, "I must see the memsahib at once.

He shrugged and entered the s vants door. Sukey emerged with breath-taking prompiness, and, happilly, the servant did not follow her, no doubt because he had been ordered out of hearing when athe had business with her apy. Standing in the shadows I cupped my hand. "Baksheesh, memsahib," I whined in low tones. "I am Hamyd's friend, and my mother is sick, my father." Sukey emerged

"What trick is this, thou father of lies?" But she did not cry, "Jao faid!" and she spoke softly. "Dost thou not know me. Protector of the Poor?"

The sound that she made then was hardly more than

was hardly more than a grunt. She stiffened with the curious effect of bracing herself and her face looked greylsh white in the weak moonlight. I did not know how mine looked.

I did not know how mine looked, save for its sneer.

"Yes, I know that now," she murmured after a long pause. "But I have no anna for a dog."

She held her head high, causing the indictment to slash and burn. I had made a sickening mistake, probably the most disastrous of my life.

ably the most disastrous of my life.

"Sukey, what do you mean? I assumed you were only trying to find out all you could against me. I didn't try to think why. Maybe to help get you over what you thought was a shameful infatuation. Maybe you wanted all the reasons you could find for despising me."

"I already knew enough against you, Rom. I wasn't ashamed of what you call 'infatuation."

"Then why..."

you call infatuation.

"Then why—"
"If you don't know—if you are that blind—if you are so base as to accuse someone you thought you are the blind of the property of the prope

"I am blind, Sukey. When I'm base, it's because I can't see straight. It's not my fault."
"I'll tell you this I was raised

It's not my fault."
"I'll tell you this I was raised with Hamyd. He was my playmate as long as I can remember. He's the only person whose loyalty and love I can always trust. The one I could trust to look after your safety."

Sukey—"Sukey—"To not going to say any more."
a turned to go.
a turned to go.

Wait for one second more. I did

"Wait for one second more. I did
think I loved you and I never
stopped thinking so. I know how
that I do, and with full cause. Such
poor love as I can give you."
Standing still she heard me out.
Then raising her head as though
someone had called her, with great
beauty of movement, she walked
away.

Sometimes in a man's life, when all its tides stand still and his little affairs have fetched up in a cul-de-sac, he feels that his fate struggles sac, he feels that his fate struggles in vain to move. I half forgot my travail and remorse to stand off and watch it beating against adamant barriers, at loggerheads with sullen circumstances.

For woe or weal, I wanted to get out of this slough of futility, and happily it was now the "cold season"—days only a little warmer than Italian aumner; affording the

- axys only a little warmer than Italian summers—affording the hilliven long, cool nights on which to ride and raid. The regiment was pleasantly busy in the field; and I ran some interesting errands to the weeters. western villages

western vinages.

In mid-March, when the temperate sun began to blaze again, Grayes sent me to an ancient tower not far from the left bank of the Indus to watch through a spyglass for a cer-tain bunder-boat suspected of trans-porting stolen firearms to Lahore.

The edifice conjured my imagina

My husband's a different man!



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GYPSY SIXPENCE—PART

pass, yet it was of bastion stoutness, its stones carefully fitted, and had a narrow, wrought-iron staircase wrought-tron statrcase from its terraced floor to balustered roof-top.

My sais (groom) swept and garnished my eyrie before he left me to my solltary vigil.

I walked out to look over the balustrade and saw two ridges approaching. As they

riders approaching. As they slowed down I saw it was Sukey, and Hamyd acting as her sais.
"Hello!" she called, and

waited.

"Come on up, while Hamyd waters your horses at the

"Perhaps you'd better come down. I want to talk to you a minute."

"I can't leave my post. I could be court-martialled for it. The stairs are just inside the arch."

the arch."

When I reached down to take her moist hand and lead her to the terrace. I barely managed to speak:
"Won't you sit down. Sukey?"
"I might as well. This will probably take longer than I thought."

I folded a saddle blanket to serve as a cushion. She sat with crossed legs like a fakir. Her hands lay still in her lap, and there was no longer any strain on her face

"The first question that would come to your mind," she said, "is how I knew where you were."
"No questions are crossing my mind," I answered. "I'm too full of wonder to be curi-

ous."
"I wish your tongue wasn't so clever and quick. What little English raising I had makes me suspicious of it. Well, Hamyd didn't spy on you, Nobody did but me. I shouldn't have of course."
"Well, I'm glad of that."
"I didn't decide right away."

"I didn't decide right away to ride out here. I never did really decide—just came. I wanted to talk to you—and this is a wonderful place. It's this is a womerful place. It's so completely Indian, and I can't leave India out of any-think I think or do. This— between you and me—is an Indian affair."

Indian affair."
"I was afraid it was over."
"Well, it's not — quite. You know now the main reason I had Hampd follow you. But, in addition to guarding you, he told me everywhere you went and what you idd. It was an unpardonable—intrusion."

sion."
"Do you think so, Sukey?"
"Anybody, the least pukka, knows it is, but to me it seemed perfectly natural. Everything you did concerned me. That's because I'm not an English girl of the right kind. I can say some of the right things, but I never think of the right thing. It was almost nevitable that we you and I—should become involved with each other. We're in the same boost."

"How did I get there, do you suppose?"
"I think I know, but I might be wrong. You see, when I came through Bombay on the way here. Colonel Jacob called on me. I'd known him when I was a little girl, and he told me a little about you—how I was going to meet you—and that—this was a secret between him and me—you had Asiatic blood. Sukey was not talking at

you had Asiatic blood.
Sukey was not talking at random. She was preparing the ground for some extremely important proposal.
"If can marry a sahib and cut quite a swathe in Indian society," she went on. "Since I'm not very well-fitted for the life, it would be very interesting—a challenge to all sting—a challenge to all abilities. Actually I'd her marry Gerald than

either Henry or Chifford. I could fall deeply in love with him, if he'd give me a chance. He has depths that I'd never nlumb."

"Well, are you going to marry Henry or Clifford?" "I might not marry either of them. If we were enough

"I might not use of them. If we were enough of them. If we were enough in love with each other, and you wanted me to. I might marry you."

Calmiy I replied, "That would be quite a departure would be quite a departure your programme,"

from your Sukey."

"Departure! It would be throwing it to the vultures. Such a thought never occurred Such a thought never occurred to me until the night after I'd called you a dog—when you tore me to pleees with that sneer — and then it knocked me silly Suddenly I was free to think of the life I might have with you. I'd take a chance on it, Rom, if I wanted to badly enough."

"Is the main question whether you love me enough?" I asked.

I asked.

"Whether we love each other enough." Her eyes filled with reflections from the elemental fires as they slowly turned to me. "You see, Rom, it's got to be an awful lot."

Sukey seemed relieved to get this said. She sighed as a child might, and stretched her limbs.

a child might, and stretched her limbs.

"It's a hard seat." I said.
"Aren't you thred?"
"Heavens. no. That's one thing of value that I got from my raising with natives."
"Well, then, if you're not tired, are you hungry?"
"Ravenous."

"Ravenous."
She rejoiced over the sup-per that we shared, especi-ally my flask of arrack. We any my mass of arracs. We thok turns at the glass my servant had provided and ap-parently she did not reduce that my sips did not reduce the quantity as much as hers,

THE glow in the west had died and starswere beginning to twinkle. "When do you have to go?"

"When I want to," she smiled "Papa thought I was going riding with Gerald."

"Do you notice how gold its getting?" My voice, pitched too low, would not hold steady. "The warmth of the stones feels good. The desert's alfeels good. The desert's al-ways cold as soon as the sun sets. If you partly unfold my blanket, we can both sit on it and throw the other over our knees."

When we were seated so, drew her slanting across my

"I wish I could make you as happy as you're making

me. After a pause she said. "It wasn't just chance that you were sent here to-day, and it wasn't your fine kismet you dream about. It was a woman's scheming. But you're to blane. You was a woman's scheming. to blame. You made me fall in love with evil. That's why I wanted to meet you here— give myself to you at this sav-age place—"

She broke off, a tremor ran over her body, and her eyes grew slowly round.

"Did you hear what I said?" she whispered, "You said 'give myself to

"Rom, is there any real reason that you know of why we mustn't marry?"

Cunning falled me for a mo-

comming fatted me for a mo-ment, and I hestated. Briefly I rectied the events whereby I was the son of a well-off Englishman and a Gypsy woman, and Gerald's half-brother.

At the end I said, "Is it worse than you thought, Sukey?"

She smiled then. I us christened Sukey an old he lish name that some ke a pet hame for a cox, fam know whether the bear know that or not, has he gave me my gave me my real name hlya, meaning a heifer lovely name by Hindu i ing. If they did know, it as a fine little joke as well has you ever moticed that you live up to their names? "That's Oriental mumbo sukey." "Perhaps a But it lived up to a matter name. "Sukey, we're both sear mad."

"Oh, no. This is just made tower on the desert we shouldn't have picked to all place to reveal sould family histories, but we'll get be over and go home."

over and go home."

She drew a deep breathen went on: "My mode waant, allowed to toom nache couldn't even lay sys a me except when we had so pany, and then only to come what was going on. You am blame my father—bronger as he was—living by the on he did. He's mere—ultimagnetive—attubborn. He could himself realine the death thing he did to me by son ting a baby from its manna Her eyes, glimmering in a

fleed of mountight, looked as stones. I felt her he hammering her side The

"You're wondering course, what a wful thing are done. When I finally but out, I made up my mad I condone it as far as positic Weil, I know now I never of condone it—its effect had be too terrible It wasn't had tell Hamyd-but my than't dry-and I want to cy st can't-"

She sat up straight of faced me.

"Papa was only a junior at altern, living at a mon ment near Calcutta, Man was beautiful, but not it social equal, and father de covered that she'd been h an affair with one of his was geants while he was and "Did he kill the sergent"

"No, his behavior of completely pulcies. He could man that he could apply discharge and go back to is land, but if he ever brail a word of what had happen he'd whip him to death

of us are lost sheep."
"Til tell you the ret is little that's left. My mits couldn't stand it are is She'd taken malera wouldn't fight is hud sond I was not quite ax year al So of course my marray you was only a cray due! I'm going to marry a sell and be true to him. This I'll atone for what Marray hoth of them did to me. "You've chunged you me since you first came bet." I was singing a low of them. But I did tell years on the me. But I did tell years you may be the me. But I did tell years the me. The me. But I did tell years the me. The me. But I did years the me. The me I was not quite aix years So of course my man

Rom. This is only a little Papa's sake. Mostly as my own sake- my health happiness, made up of nity—safety—peace You a moment ago we west lost sheep. Well, I'm golf find a fold. In any dis-

find a fold. In any os-not going to be a black am When I could not repli-took my hand between to of hers. "Rom, be use agine a marriage between to and me. A black shee a lost sheep We've both find our way back. You have you. Stay out of a clothes Stay out of a and all haunted places going to marry Henry II.

ou won't believe me but can you imagine either of them to take ldn't love me, Rom, much of a fool, Now

we was not, to my eliberate. I kept her by seeming about to my fingers dipped be-tions of my shirt and orr coin hunging be-liarbones. When she a little tog at her ing her to stay, upset arious balance and fetched ward across my lap did you think I'd let you

t it backwards. Every or for us to part was ore reason for staying at's what we're going going to be together is the sign of it..."

want to go. There's your arms."

t want to go, and advantage of it." now which of us is not advantage of it." separated. I think We'll want each other

" be bard to separate after They're going to have their soil, I sell you." lee to have you say that." down an costaits breath and whappers something in Hindl. call it was from the prelude. ceremony in one of ndra, and I replied.

Rom, art a Gypsy!
ust thee? Wilt thou
e night? Will I wait
aring the mocking
e women? I charge women? I charge thou marry me be-that I and my babe name in honor?" I thought her use instinctive and un-plance into her face

no that I had underestimated

will you marry me, Sukey?" I

e and then if you want to go.

an policy arms around my neck fixed me with great beauty mediences. If remember now word I was trying to remember the savage place," she murad I was afraid to remember to the poem it wasn't 5' it was 'holy'". holy

holy"
uship the sun, but
i the train of the
could look at her
i had never seen
and blithe. Only
far-scattered, sigom their posts. There sometimes conin the nearest nala y sais had built a pabul scrub to com-chill watch get a message to began thoughtfully

heed nervously but by riveted attention. Send him word that captured by hill-needn't break our

ite a chit?"
send it by your sais.
Hamyd. He just Hamyd. He just would be against his though there's no side of the river. him with us when

dullah. He'll be de-iver the chit, then affairs at the teaend Abdullah.

hed my home pistol, the signal Tanged with the groom, and and Hamyd, leading our soon took shape in the

limbed down to meet sen she had written a ad that she carried in structed deliver it without fall far, then quickly jao.

was he to meet the lace to face. Then lace to face. Then low dunes, where I that she told him of

Printing Limited for susuldated Press Limited. French Street, Sydney.

Some minutes later they returned, walking hand in hand, such a sight as I never expected to see in India When she came close to me, the probing moonlight in her eyes showed them but recently dried of

many tears.

"Hamyd will get the blankets,"
she told me. "Let's walk to the

fire."

The tough wood would still be glowing an hour from now We looked at each other in wonder and triumph. We could afford to air awhile, telling our happy stories of falling in love. So we intended, at least with half a mind, until the first thought of to-morrow.

first thought of to-morrow.

Only then did I fully realise what great fortune had been poured into my hands, without rhyme or reason. I was passionately beloved, not by the Colonel's daughter, but by a daughter of the sun, who in more epic times might be recognised as an avatar, and in whom the clear-eyed Indians might behold manifestations of Rada, the ravishing beloved of the cowherd Krishna.

I was revine to express such of its.

I was trying to express such of its meaning as I could grasp when I asked Sukey to close her eyes while gave her something.

When she opened them there When she opened them there was nothing to see but a small silver coln, hung on a cord around her neck But perhaps she saw some-thing in my face, for her eyes grew big with wonder and a touch-ing expression came into her face.

"It's not just a good-luck piece," she murmured, deeply moved.

she murmured, deeply moved.

"I think it's a real talisman." I told her about the Gypsy woman. Gerald and I had met on the road.

"Rom, it's a wonderful gift, bul—"
"Sukey, you look frightened!"
"I am, For you." She selzed my hand. "Rom, do you realize what an wift! thing-in the sight of my

awful thing—in the sight of my father's world—we've done?"
"They won't blame me—I've been tricked into the ditch at Mecanes. But you need all the Gypay luck that ever was I give that luck to you, Bachiya," I said.

you, Bachiya," I said.

She put her arms about me and kiased me with deep love. "I'll share it with you, Rom, good or bad."

She took a brand from the fire and threw it high in the air, the old desert rider's signal to his clausen. We heard the muffled thud of horses hoofs, and soon Hamyd dismounted in the monlight.

"I waited until thou came, to speak of the matter to Rom Sahib," Sukey told him.

told him.

"Aye, memsahib."
"Thou art still of the same mind?"

"Thou as "Aye."
"Aye."
She turned to me but continued to speak in Hindi, for Hamyd's inderstanding,
"My lord, there came upon me,

"My lord, there came upon me, atop the tower, the wish and the need to give thee a noble gift. Of this I spoke to my servanit Hamyd, apart from thee. Mark that the time was before thou gavest me the talisman from off thy heart. That be proof that the gift is not given in payment of debt, or in duty, or in gratitude for anything, but is given from within my heart, in token of love."

"I mark thee well," I answered "I give unto thee, for as long as re both shall live, the service of ny dearly beloved servant. Hamyd

her voice has tremined and and looked at me through a lovely moon-lit mist of tears. Hampd stood quietly, sideways so that I could see his profile, a posture of great significance among the Moham-medans of India, and indicative of

medians of india, and indicative of great pride.

"I entreat thee, Bachiya, to re-consider," I replied. "Surely we will be parted many a day and night, and perhaps for many moons, thus

and perhaps for many moons, thus parting ye both."
"Lord. If thou didst remain every hour at my side, of what good would be the gift? It is because thou will be gone from me so long and far that it is worth the giving." She turned to Hamyd.
"Thou shall be his ears and his eyes and his hands. Thou shall follow him across all the waters and the deserts of his fate. If he should put me away and take an-

and the deserts of his late. If he should put me away and take another wife, thou shalt follow him still. Hamyd, is it met?"
"Aye, memsahib, it is met."
"It is also meet. Thou art a youth

of great strength, of many manly gifts, the grandson of a great sheik.

and schooled in cunning. It is not meet that thou shouldst any longer dance attendance upon a memsahib. Following the burra sahib, thou shalt come into the birthright as a does come into thy birthright as a doer of strong deeds, a challenger of many dangers, and a traveller and warrior of renown." Sukey turned to me "My lord, wilt thou accept my gift?" "Aye. Sharzadi (Princess)." "Then Hamyd—thou hast my leave to go."

left the moonlight on

We left the moonlight on the desert, the tower standing forsaken as before, the river glistening, the hyenas laughing and sobbing. As we rode into the warm, ancient city, we did not try to hide our fears from each other or count them too little or too much.

Several lamps burned low in the big bungalow. I saw a shadow cross a window curtain as Colonel Webb rose from his chair. I was a little behind Sukey on the dark verandah, and at first glance her father did not recognise me. Indeed he did not look at me and no doubt misnot look at me and no doubt mis-took me for Gerald. His face and hald dome were flushed with anger over Sukey's long and worrisome

THEN he saw that I was not Gerald. Between then and I was not ceraad Between then and his seeing who I was there was an indescribably brief lag in which he did not believe his eyes. Then, if I had struck him full between them with my flat, be would not have looked more stunned.

"Papa..." There was compassion in Sukey's cry, but I did not think there was guilt or remorse.

there was guitt or remorse.

He made a brave and partly successful effort to rally. He spoke in his military voice. "I don't quite understand, Sukey, I thought you were with Captain Gerald Brook..."

He stopped There was a flash of hope in his face: perhaps Gerald had met with a minor accident, and I had merely escorted her home.

"No. I've been with Rom. And e've got something to tell you." He cleared his throat carefully It's very late, Sukey, I'll hear it

"It's very fate, Sukey I'll near it in the morning."

"I think you'd better hear it tonight. It's very important, and I want Rom with me."

He stood very straight as he con-

sidered her request. His strength had come back to him, bringing with it danger to us both. "Very well Please come into the drawing-

room. He paused at the door of the big stately room while first Sukey and then I entered. He held a chair for Sukey, designated one for me half the length of the room distant. and, after turning up two of the lamps, seated himself by a massively carved table.

"I am ready to listen," he said slowly, "to what either of you have

to say."
"I'll speak first, Papa," Sukey said quickly. "I am sorry it has to come as such a surprise to you. I've been seeing Rom occasionally ever since I came here. It wasn't his fault that we met in secret. I was sorry to have to do that, but I didn't have you consent to receive his at-have you consent to receive his at-have your consent to receive his at-

"That is quite true," he said when she paused. "In fact—as I suppose you told him—I expressly forbade you to do so." you to do so,"

"Yes, sir, she did tell me," I said.
"Yet you paid court to her anyny, Lieutenant Brook?"

"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"It is not a very auspicious beginning—but please continue."
"To-night I rode out to the tower
where he was on watch, and we
became engaged." Sukey spoke
clearly, turning to smile at me.
Colonel Webb leaned forward in
his chair, about to speak with fury
and great force. But he held his
tongue in deliberate silence. The
silence grew long and very heavy,
perhaps he thought it would expose
weakness in us. Instead we smiled
at each other and waited.
"Before I make my reply," he said
at last, looking at me, "I would like
to ask a few questions. I hadn't expressiy forbidden you to pay court

pressly forbidden you to pay court to Sukey, and her connivance in it appeared to justify you. But you were aware of my objection, And it might be that you knew things

By EDISON MARSHALL

about yourself that would make your courting her a despicable of-fence. In that case, you deserve to be horse-whipped,

"Sir, I knew nothing that would make my courting her an offence in my own eyes I was in love with

We shall go into that. And I shall "We shall go into that. And I shall assume for a moment you're both in love and not merely victims of an unfortunate infatuation. I wish to be perfectly fair. Till begin by asking you a question I would ask of any young man seeking permission to marry my daughter. Would you be able to maintain Sukey in her present position in secretary."

you be able to maintain Sukey in her present position in society?"
"No, sir, but I intend to make my way in the world, and make my way in the world, and make my wife proud of me."
"We had better talk plain. What are your monetary means, in addition to your salary?"
"I have four hundred pounds a year from my foster father's extate."

estate."
"I would not consider that nearly sufficient. And your speaking of your foster father suggests an equally—indeed a far more important—qualification. According to report, you are the adopted son of Frederick Brook, Gerald's father. Will you please state the position in society of your real father?"
"I have reasons to believe that my

"I have reasons to believe that my real father's position in society was quite high. But I stand as the adopted son of a highly reputable Englishman, and as an officer in the English Army.'

"Of course." The thin ice crackled, but not yet. "Is he still alive?" "No, sir."

"No, sir."
"Is your mother still alive?"
"As far as I know. My real father and she were separated. It was agreed that she should not communicate with me. I was no longer in ber life

her life."

His face paled under its tan. I could almost hear the Small Voice telling him that this was his retribution for taking Sukey out of her mother's life.

But his hand went unhurried to his pocket, brought forth a handkerohief, and carefully wiped away the sweat beads on his face.

"I wish to inquire further into your history, Lieutenant Brook," he went on in a low, unruffled voice. "It should be evident that I have every right to do so. Prom what walk of life did your mother come?"

"I have reason to believe that her other was a horse-dealer." "What was your father's calling?" "He lived on the income from his

Did you inherit any of it?"

"I understood you to say that your esent estate came from your foster

"I did say so, sir."
"Then I may presume you haven't

The thin ice cracked at last.
"I decline to answer that question

His expression did not change. He

His expression did not change He merely paused a few seconds. Sukey clasped her hands, then dropped them on her lap.
"I must say I cannot possibly fancy your reason."
"It has to do with my relations with my foster brother Gerald. And I request that you don't repeat to him or to anyone anything I tell you of my own history."
"What was your real father's name?"

My foster father told me that it was Harris."
"Were you well acquainted with him, and was his name really Harris."

"Til answer neither of those, if

"It answer neither of those, it you piease."

"I don't see the slightest use in prolonging this interview. You have too much to hide."

"To tell it would do no good to Sukey and me and might do harm to others."

Sukey and me and the strong hope to others."

A malicious but strong hope gleamed in his cold eyes. "If you please, I'll ask one more question.

Answer it or not as you choose.

Sometimes young lovers in the first flush of their passion don't bother Sometimes young lovers in the first flush of their passion don't bother about inquiring into each other's life. Did you tell her what you refused to tell me?"
"Yes, sir,"
"And it didn't make a speck of difference to me," Sukey broke in calmly.

colmly
Colonel Webb rose He was very
tall and powerfully built. But Sukey
was tall, too. I noticed it as she
walked toward me. We stood side by

walked toward me. We stood side by side, facing him.
"I shan't ask her your confidences," he said. "Such focts as I have discovered speak for themselves. Lieutenant Brook, I refuse my consent to an engagement between you and Sukey. I forbid any further relationship between you. If you are gentleman enough, whatever your origins, to obey me in this matter, you may continue your ever your origins, to obey me in this matter, you may continue your duties in the Brigade until the General sees fit to transfer you else-where. But there is an unwritten law in our Service that no officer law in our Service that no officer of my rank need retain under or attach to his command any officer who is persons non grata in his home. For your brother Gerald's sake and in fairness to you—I must warn you against any act detrimen-tal to your military career."
"I thank you, sir, but that won't have the slightest effect on my en-gagement to Sukey."
"You, insufferable..." But the

gagement to Sukey."

"You insufferable—" But the Colonel Sahib remembered where he was, and pressed his lip tight.

"Yes, it's my turn," Sukey said, when he turned to her. "Papa, I know your strong mind. I know you're capable of doing all you threaten to do—if you can. To save you the trouble, to save us all embarrassment, I'll tell you now where I stand. I'm not going to ask your consent to marry him or discuss it at all. I'll just go ahead and of it. We'll wait two weeks, should you decide on a pukka wedding that will save you all the face possible. If by then you still oppose it, we'll be married by a missionary or by the Hindu ceremony or by common law."

law."

Her father stood so straight, his arms so rigid at his sides, that he gave the impression of standing at attention. But his face was livid, and only in battle had I ever seen such a lethal gleam in human eyes. "Sukey," he said evenly, "Til try not to hold this against you I don't know who this man la I do know you're not in your right mind. I'd be justified.—"You'd be justified.—"You'd be justified.

mind. I'd be justified.—"
"You'd be justified, you think, in
shipping me off at once to England.
Well, I won't go. You can ship Rom
off on some duty. Well, I'll follow
him. Anyone who knows India like
I do can get any place he goes.
You succeeded in separating my
mother from me, but you can't
separate me from my husband. For
that's what he is. I consider myself
his wife."
I did not know what to expect

I did not know what to expe in the next second. I was poised on the balls of my feet, every muscle ready to move. But what the second brought was almost beyond our credence

beyond our creuence.

The powerful arch of his chest receded and he took a backward step and spoke in a tone that seemed to be deliberately dull.

"I accept your proposal to wait two weeks, Lieutenant Brook I beg your pardon for anything I may have said in the heat of anger that did you an injustice. Since I am greatly shaken by this experience, please find your own way to the door,"

door.

But half-way there, at a point where Colonel Webb could not look into the eyes of either of us, I turned

into the eyes of either of us, I turned to gaze at Sukey.

"Good-night, sweetheart."

"Good-night, my Rom."

Those were our words, safe enough for him to hear. But the expression on her face told me something else. "Beware! Beware!

Beware!"

Part 2 Next Week

A LL characters in the serials and short A stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are flettique, and have no reference to any living person.

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PRINCESS NARDA; Are making their way back to the
"Argos" along Peril Road.
They have safely passed the
first two perils—a ferocious
hermit with a shotgun and a

cave swarming with giant vampire bats. Signposts warn them of "double perils ahead," and they come face to face with two massive giants armed with war clubs. Lothar tries to fight them, but he is overpowered. NOW READ ON:

















ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

 Famous lawyer Perry Mason and his secretary,
 Della, have offices next door to the rooms of Xperiments Incorporated, a company owned and oper-ated by well-known scientist Dr. Francis Early, Powerful racketeer Alan Biscoe offers the manager of Xperiments, Roy Adger, £20,000 to steal the blueprints of Dr. Early's electronic invention. Biscoe blackmails Adger into agreeing to his proposal.





























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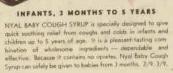
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HUSKEYS



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